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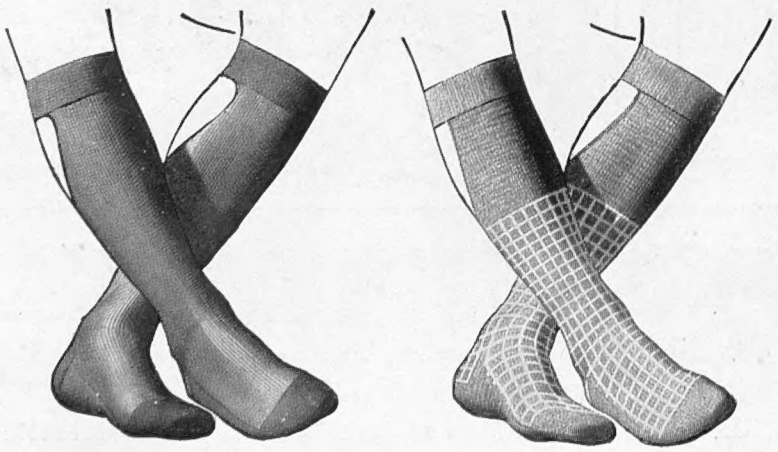

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THE SPHERE

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, September 17, 1938

LAST SUNDAY *in* DOWNING STREET

How the Crowds Gathered to Watch the Comings and Goings of Ministers During the Week-end of German-Czech Crisis

In the six months since Germany marched into Austria and made the heart of the old Habsburg realm a province of the "Greater Reich," the status of the German minority in Czechoslovakia has come in its turn to dominate world news, steadily mounting towards the crisis of the past fortnight. It has been a time of the acutest tension in the capitals of Europe, and last week-end there were many who feared an outbreak of war after the incident of the whipping of Sudetens by Czechs had temporarily brought Czech-German negotiations to a standstill, despite the efforts at mediation of Lord Runciman, and after Field-Marshal Goring had delivered at the Nuremberg Party Congress a speech so blustering in tone that it seemed the door to compromise might at any moment be closed. The scenes in London on Sunday epitomised the European-wide atmosphere of apprehension, with frequent conferences at the Foreign Office and No. 10, and anxious crowds watching the comings and goings of ministers. Mr. Chamberlain made it plain to Germany, through Sir Nevile Henderson, that Britain would stand by France in any conflict which put French security in peril, though it was reported that Sir Nevile did not succeed in gaining the ear of Herr Hitler himself before the latter delivered his speech on Monday. That speech failed to clear the air, being followed by disorders necessitating martial law in Sudetenland, and on Tuesday night by Herr Henlein's ultimatum to President Benesh

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A WEEK-END OF TENSION

LORD HALIFAX'S BUSY DAY: The Foreign Secretary watched by an anxious crowd as he left the Foreign Office in order to attend the morning Cabinet meeting held last Sunday, when ministers discussed the latest developments in the German-Czech affair

KILTED TO KIRK: Mr. MacDonald, the Colonial Secretary, who spent the week-end at Balmoral, walking to church with Sir Alexander Hardinge, the King's Private Secretary. Mr. MacDonald returned to London for the Monday Cabinet

LABOUR'S VIEW: Mr. Attlee, leader of the Opposition, leaving Downing Street after a talk with the Premier with whom he remained for about an hour last Saturday morning

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

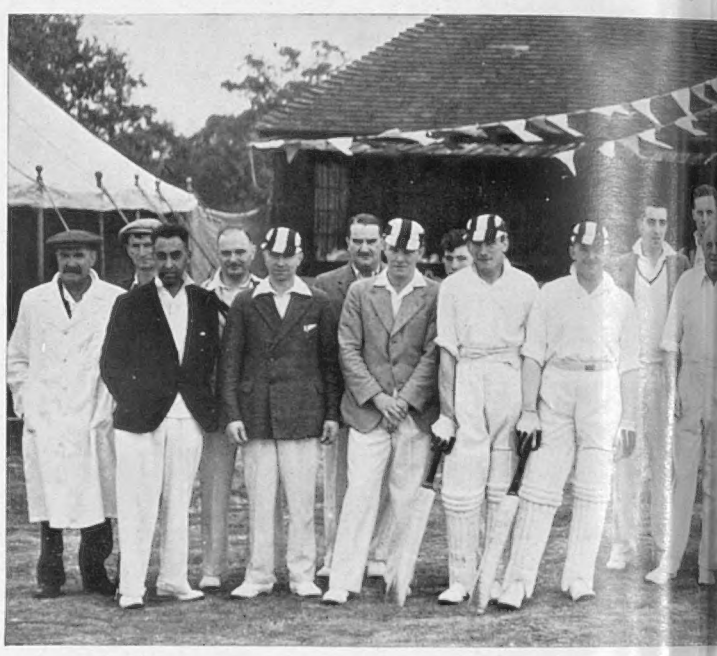
32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4
Wednesday, September 14, 1938.

CRITICAL.—At the moment of writing, all hung by a hair. Europe danced on the crater's edge—at least until Hitler had spoken. On Tuesday we might be in hell or in (temporary) heaven. Yet I continued to believe in a peaceful patching-up. Nothing I read last week interested me more than the report that General Beck, Reichswehr Chief of Staff, tendered his resignation to the Führer on the ground that the idea of war or the risk of war was being favoured and fostered by extremists in the Nazi party by their hot-head policy over the Sudeten question. General Beck took the view that if that policy were pursued to the uttermost it might eventually end for Germany in a war on three fronts simultaneously, a situation which he and his advisers believed spelt certain disaster for Germany soon or late. If the Führer himself approved the policy, General Beck desired to be relieved of his responsibility. This rumour is not unlikely to be broadly true. It agrees with much that one has heard. I, who hear little on holiday, have repeatedly affirmed that the German army chiefs are very much opposed to risking a two- or three-front war at present, and I think it not unlikely that Herr Hitler accepted their view in retaining their services. Nuremberg has clearly confirmed the theory. And no doubt the Führer recommended to Herr Henlein acceptance of the Czech final concessions as a basis for further negotiations, the decision to "interrupt" the talks being probably a petulant gesture by the Sudetens on realisation that Hitler's support had a limit after all. The long-awaited speech quite clearly indicates that Hitler will back the Sudetens in their efforts to negotiate the uttermost concessions and will only stop short at that final limit. He will not risk a war involving France or Britain for some time to come. Naturally, his speech may have struck sensationalists as a flop. It gratified and delighted me, crude and petulant as in parts it was. And it was caviare compared with Göring's.

THE LATE PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT

A recent portrait in masonic uniform of Prince Arthur whose death at the age of 55 took place this week after a long illness and as a result of which the Court will go into mourning for a fortnight. His Royal Highness was the only son of the Duke of Connaught

GÖRING—LIKE A BULL.—After reading the fullest reports of Göring's infamous speech, I feel like changing my name by deed poll. I cannot bear to share with him the first three letters of my surname. For that speech was the deepest infamy or the largest lunacy. It was also everything that Göring is forever telling the world that German is not. How true it is that the man who for ever prates of his culture only cries out to the world that he lacks it; the man who forever flaunts his wealth is usually living on uneasy credit. How familiar and uniform among boys and men, nations and private schools, are the ways and words of the bully. When Göring speaks, muddlers become statesmen and cads great gentlemen. Göring followed Benesh and it was like a dose of treacle and brimstone after Lafitte, like the Mikado after the 5th Symphony. No crime can equal that of Göring's. The bull was in the china shop. The monkey was monkeying in the powder magazine. Can anything excuse him in the eyes of Europe and of sober, sane Germans? Only one thing can excuse him—that under those newly designed uniforms and brilliant orders of chivalry is a lump of bloated flesh to keep the chest padded and to keep the creases out. A lump of too, too solid flesh. Hell waits for a villain who can speak as Göring did at such a time. For when the tumult and the shouting died down at Nuremberg and Germans young or old went back to realities, was there not still left in every one of them just enough free will and free thought to evoke the question: "After all that we have suffered and after all our labours, is this all that our proud nation can show in culture, and statesmanship, and dignity, all that we can contribute to world order?"



CRICKET IN ITS RIGHTFUL SETTING: The players gathered in front of the stand during an interval in last Saturday's match held at Henfield between Henfield Cricket Club and a Sussex county side to mark the club's centenary. The game "is very much alive on the village green," writes "The Old Stager" in his London Newsletter this week, and "Sussex, Hampshire, and Berkshire any Saturday afternoon prove it to the hilt"

THE VOICE OF EDEN.—Mr. Eden from the wilderness sometimes raises his voice to correct or supplement the Government spokesman's too often Delphic utterance. Indeed, Mr. Eden is become the prompter in our national theatre. Needless to say, his voice was heard (a still, small voice in the "Thunderer") on the eve of the Nuremberg finale. Peace or war? Yet, admitting the possibility that the world war of 1914 might never have been if the attitude of Britain had been clearly understood at the time (a large admission), I wonder if a statement of our position, no more strong and clear than Mr. Eden's definition of September 12, could have altered history. I found nothing in Mr. Eden's four points clearer or stronger than our Government's far from clear and strong definitions made at various times. The first three are common knowledge held by every schoolboy. The fourth is the vital item. Mr. Eden said: "In any international emergency that threatened the security of France this country would be found at the side of France, whatever the consequences." Those words mean everything or something or nothing. Whatever they mean they add no jot to what Mr. Chamberlain and his ministers have said officially and often. It is the language of diplomacy and it added nothing to the knowledge of the average Englishman or Frenchman or German or Czech as to Britain's intentions in the last event. Well, no doubt it is the prompter's métier to keep to the book of the words. But his actors were word perfect.

CRICKET IN RETROSPECT.—Another cricket season is over, and the question is once more being strenuously mooted: Is cricket dying? Is the spirit of the game burning dim? Cricket is certainly very much alive on the village green. Sussex and Hampshire and Berkshire any Saturday afternoon prove it to the hilt. If schoolboys are less keen to watch school matches at Lord's

THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, Mr. Kennedy, outside the Foreign Office where he saw Lord Halifax on Sunday afternoon. He kept Washington closely informed regarding the situation

heathlands which are menaced by its growth, bracken is a curse. While it is green it destroys all life below it. When it dies down it becomes as tinder indestructible and an ever-present anxiety as a fire-raiser in times of drought. I have had experience of bracken and bracken destruction in the past four years, having studied methods of controlling it not only on National Trust properties but on private ground. There are several devices approved and available. The swinging crush-bar, horse-drawn, will trample down and bruise larger areas affected quite adequately, if the ground be fairly even. There are expensive cutting machines and there are very expensive "rooters." There is also the stick wielded by the human arm for smaller patches. I have used or watched every method. The argument is that if twice a year you can bruise and smash down the bracken at a certain period in its growth when the young shoots have just uncurled their fronds, and persist in that for three consecutive years, the bracken will be discouraged. Within my own personal experience I can give some evidence. For three years I treated an area of about 5 acres by hand. I "sloshed" with a suitable stick every shoot at the approved stage of development, and I am now able to observe the results.

WHAT EXPERIENCE PROVES.—

Where the treatment was under trees and deep shade, the results have been effective. The areas (fire-banks, paths, etc.) have been got well under control and the heather and grass have returned or are strongly entrenched. In open spaces the bracken is indeed much shorter, but it has quadrupled in density; it is therefore far harder to "slosh." Indeed, one must now stoop down to attack it with a sickle. Nor does it show the slightest sign of sickness. It is as strong, wiry, and healthy as ever it was and it covers the ground even more closely. Its potential fire dangers are lessened because it will die down into a lower blanket of tinder, but it is still an effective destroyer of other life, e.g., pasture grass or heather. The bracken crusher after three years treatment twice a year has proved no more effective. The "rooter" is effective, though by disturbing the ground it has the undesirable effect of broadcasting the area with seedling fir and, worse still, birch. In any case it is a machine too expensive for the individual landowner or farmer to employ. Pigs turned out on the affected area are said to be a good remedy. These again are not generally available. What's the conclusion? I believe (except in shady, wooded places where elbow grease is effective) that nature's cure is the only possible hope. There is such a thing as bracken disease, just as there is "heather beetle," now rife in Scotland. I feel pretty certain that in the past centuries nature has held the balance between bracken and heather by alternate applications of heather and bracken disease. A hundred years ago Cobbett viewed Hindhead on one of his "rides" and saw acres and acres given over to heather, and being a farmer in theory he described it as a desolate spot. To-day (thanks to incendiarism and other causes) it is largely an area of bracken. And it is my belief it was so also at some periods before 1820–30. I believe we are to-day in an era of bracken ascendancy as we have been often before, and that our hope lies in nature adjusting the balance once more by applying bracken disease. I am convinced there is no known method available to the small farmer and landowner that, without help from nature, can eradicate the pest in open spaces even after three years of hard and constant "sloshing"—except, of course, on land where the plough can be freely used. That, presumably, is the type of land to be treated and the method to be employed by the Somersetshire County Council, and there is no reason why it should not succeed.

NATIONAL TRUST, SCOTLAND.—

The Duke of Atholl, president of the Scottish National Trust, addressing a Dundee audience, said a number of truths concerning Scottish architecture and modern vandalism. The Trust in Scotland is young but it has already helped to save the fields of Bannockburn and Culloden Moor and the Glenfinnan Memorial, and a number of old buildings. The Duke had some characteristically strong words of criticism for the architectural vandalism of the late nineteenth century. He spoke of the hideous buildings which were then erected and he attributed the vandalism to the fact that "old families who had centuries of culture in their blood succumbed under modern taxation and in their place came a race of wealthy individuals" who from sheer ignorance and not from malice created monstrosities. Now, with respect to the Duke, I do not think this line of reasoning will bear examination. Some of the greatest monstrosities in domestic architecture were erected in Scotland in the late nineteenth century by the ancient landowners themselves or by members of ancient families, in the dreadful sham-French-castellated style which had become the fashion, and which they considered it due to their dignity to raise up. Of this type, Beaufort (the house recently destroyed by fire) was a telling example. It was erected by the Lord Lovat of the day in the period named. Several other instances come to mind. Ballintore Castle, for example. The "Scottish Baronial" was by no means the fashion and delight of nouveaux riches. Its crimes must be apportioned among new and old families.

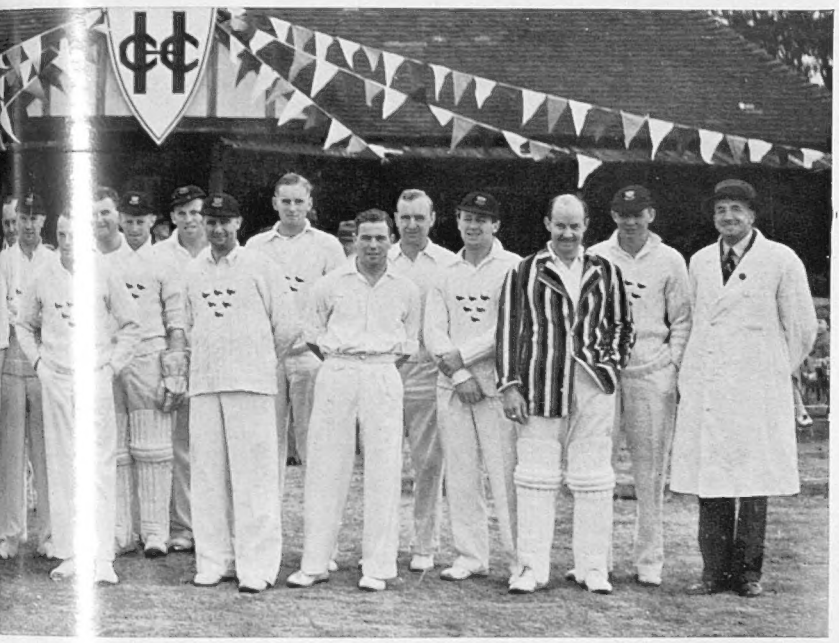
HIGHLAND WEATHER.—

Nairnshire has a very dry climate. The average rainfall in Nairn is about 7 ins. less than that of Haslemere and about 10 ins. less than that of Petersfield. This eccentric year something like 20 ins. must have fallen in the wettest places close round Nairn since May; and I doubt whether more than 5 ins. have fallen in the same period in Petersfield. It has been for the most part thundery rain, unheralded and unpredictable, coming in local cloudbursts almost out of the blue (though the "blue" has been rare) and seldom varying the steady line of the barometer by a fraction of a millimetre. Ticks, disease, droughts and downfalls had already killed the grouse. Had it been a bumper year in these parts, tenants and landowners would have been hard put to it to kill enough birds. For what with the rain and the constant high winds this dismal, sunless, wet and windy summer has cancelled many shooting days and spoiled numberless open-air functions. Perhaps we have been spoiled by too many good summers.

GAME SURVEY.—

The bureau of animal population at Oxford University has been for four years investigating the bag-density of partridges in Great Britain, and is now extending its operations to cover game of all kinds. It may seem late in the day to undertake important research into a sport so long the privilege of the privileged, but shooting has certainly become democratised, and there is no doubt that Scottish game provides a valuable industry for Scotland. But what can be done by research for partridge country cannot necessarily be done for grouse moors.

THE OLD STAGER



and elsewhere, it does not appear that schoolboy cricketers are less keen or efficient. County cricket is said to be in the doldrums and it is true that new rival distractions affect the gate receipts, but it is by no means generally accepted that methods of play have deteriorated (as regards the spirit of the game) in the last decade. As for Test cricket, no one who saw the game at Lord's could have found a word of fair criticism to level at the play. It was the Oval Test alone which raised the fury of criticism. That match was our cricket Jutland. A fine victory was turned into a shame and disgrace by very faulty reporting. The positions of Jellicoe and Hammond were not dissimilar. Each had the task of combining victory with safety. A timeless test was part of Hammond's problem. It was not his choice. What was done at Lord's might have been done at the Oval, given similar conditions. The curse of the starch-front wicket produced its worst effects on the game, not this year but at least ten years ago, and the game has not deteriorated in the last decade. I am sure of it. The evil geniuses of big cricket are three: Cricket-journalists, statistical records, and starch-front wickets—in that order of harmfulness. With a little sound and sensible direction from above, all three could be controlled, if not eliminated. The spirit of the game burns quite steadily.

THE SCOURGE OF BRACKEN.—

Bracken is a pretty plant. Its tender green in spring and its golden hues in autumn delight the heart of the passer-by. But to the agriculturist whose pastures it invades, to the grouse moor owner whose heather it chokes, and to the property owner on

CHRISTIANS IN UNITY: Dignitaries of the Church of England, the Church of Armenia, the Greek Orthodox Church, the Russian Orthodox Church, the Syrian Orthodox Church, and other denominations are represented in this picture taken at Westminster Abbey last Sunday following the service of Christian Witness organised largely with the object of countering the influence of the Freethinkers who have been expounding their atheistic beliefs at their 25th International Congress in London

LONDON—PARIS REACTIONS

A MOMENTOUS SUNDAY IN DOWNING STREET: Members of the crowd which gathered to watch the comings and goings of Ministers for the series of talks on the German-Czech crisis. Many people, accustomed to give the political news scant attention, read their papers with anxious concentration, eager to discover a hopeful note

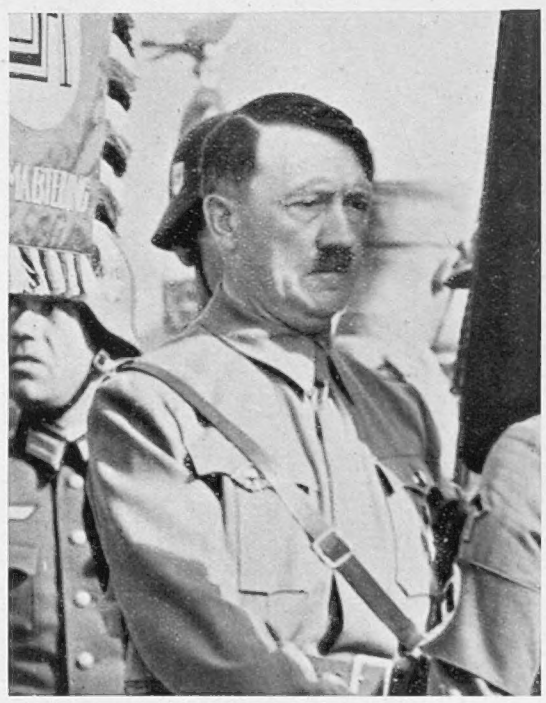
SUSPENSE IN THE CITY: Business men thronging Throgmorton Street last Monday before Chancellor Hitler delivered his eagerly-awaited speech, which it was vainly hoped might clear the international air. Ever since the annexation of Austria by Germany last spring the stock markets have been in a disturbed condition

ANXIOUS DAYS WERE PASSED IN PARIS: France, being pledged to maintain the integrity of Czechoslovakia, has had to take an even more serious view of the crisis than Britain, and throughout last week-end her Ministers were busy perfecting plans to meet the situation. Among visitors to the Foreign Ministry were M. Lukasiewicz (*left*), the Polish Ambassador, with whom M. Bonnet discussed the Polish attitude towards Czechoslovakia, and Mr. William Bullitt (*right*), the American Ambassador, who kept Washington constantly informed regarding the turn of events

NUREMBERG: FOCAL POINT OF

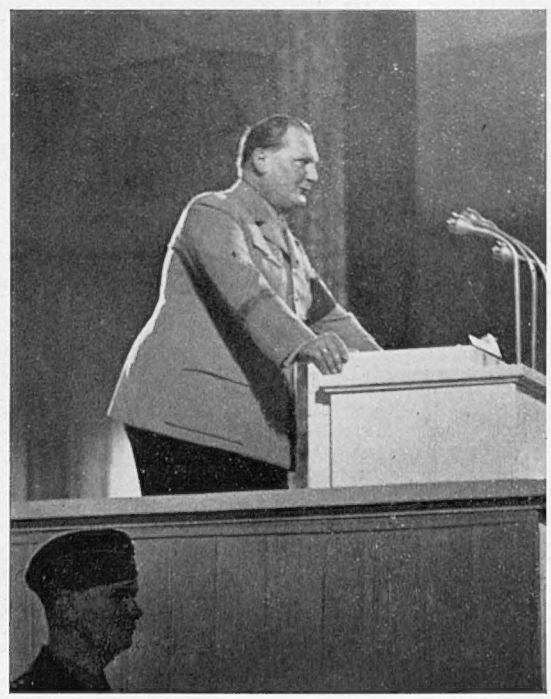
Chancellor Hitler's Stern Mien — Sir Nevile Henderson Meets Dr. Goebbels—

NIGHT PROCESSION AT NUR
during a parade through the
Congress, the spectacular
dowed this year by the ter



THE MAN WHO HOLDS THE LIGHTNING: The deep seriousness of Chancellor Hitler's expression was noted by all who saw him at the Nazi Party Congress during which he delivered two momentous speeches

THE POINTING FINGER: What,
Ambassador, Sir Nevile
Goebbels, when this picture
right — Another impression



A BLUSTERING SPEECH THAT SHOCKED EUROPE: Field-Marshal Göring, who has since been confined to bed by illness, addressing members of the Nazi Party at Nuremberg. He openly sneered at the democratic countries and in a reference to Czechoslovakia spoke of "those miserable pigmies in Prague"

THE FOREIGN CONTINGENT:
during the celebrations in
invited. Discussing this
diplomats and press corres
Embassy in earnest con
Japanese. The correspon

EUROPE'S CRITICAL WEEK-END

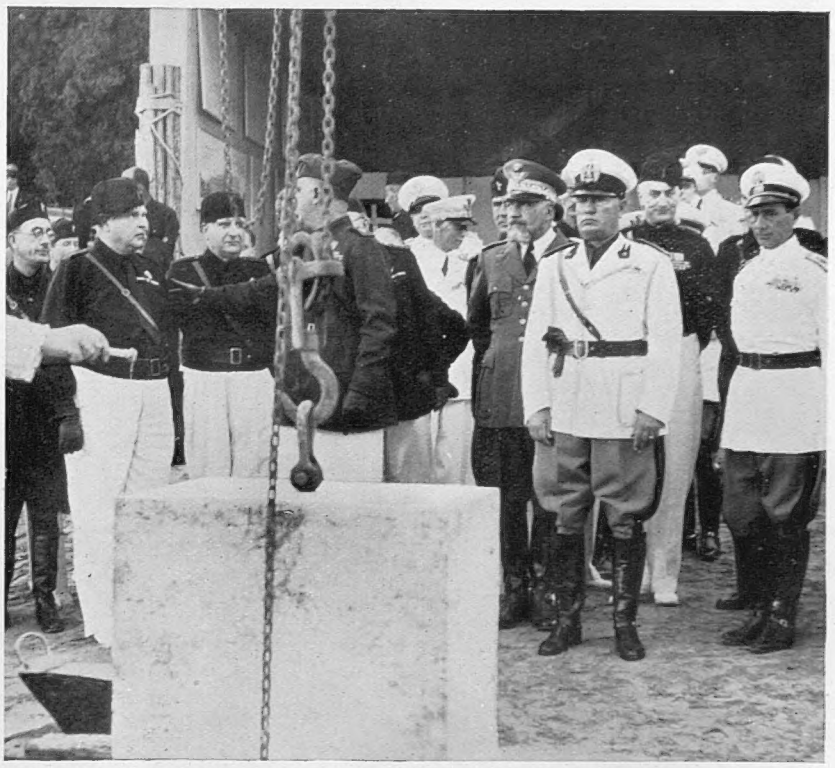
Field-Marshal Göring's Blustering Speech—Foreign Visitors to the Congress

EMBERG: Crowds looking on floodlit city at the Nazi Party nature of which was oversha- ion of German-Czech affairs

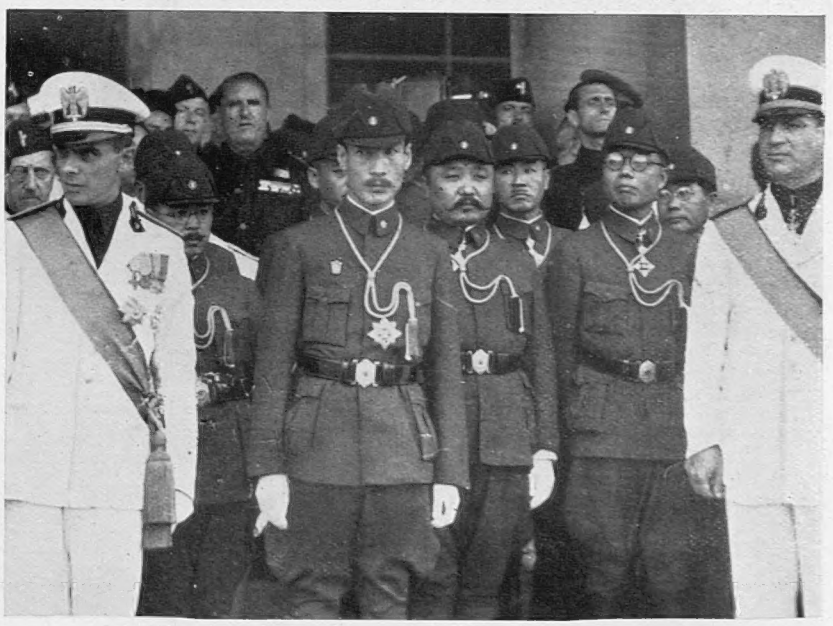
e wonder, was Britain's enderson, saying to Dr. as taken in Nuremberg? *On* f Hitler at the congress

Rumanians (in foreground), Japanese, and Italian delegates pictured at the Zeppelin Field Nuremberg to which the foreign press and many foreign sympathisers of Nazism were aspect of the congress one correspondent wrote:—"The faces of the politicians, the pondents are strained and anxious. In the Grand Hotel you see members of the Italian ersation with General Franco's delegates; you see German party leaders talking to the ents from most of the capitals of Europe wander through the lobbies putting questions"

ITALY AND CZECHOSLOVAKIA



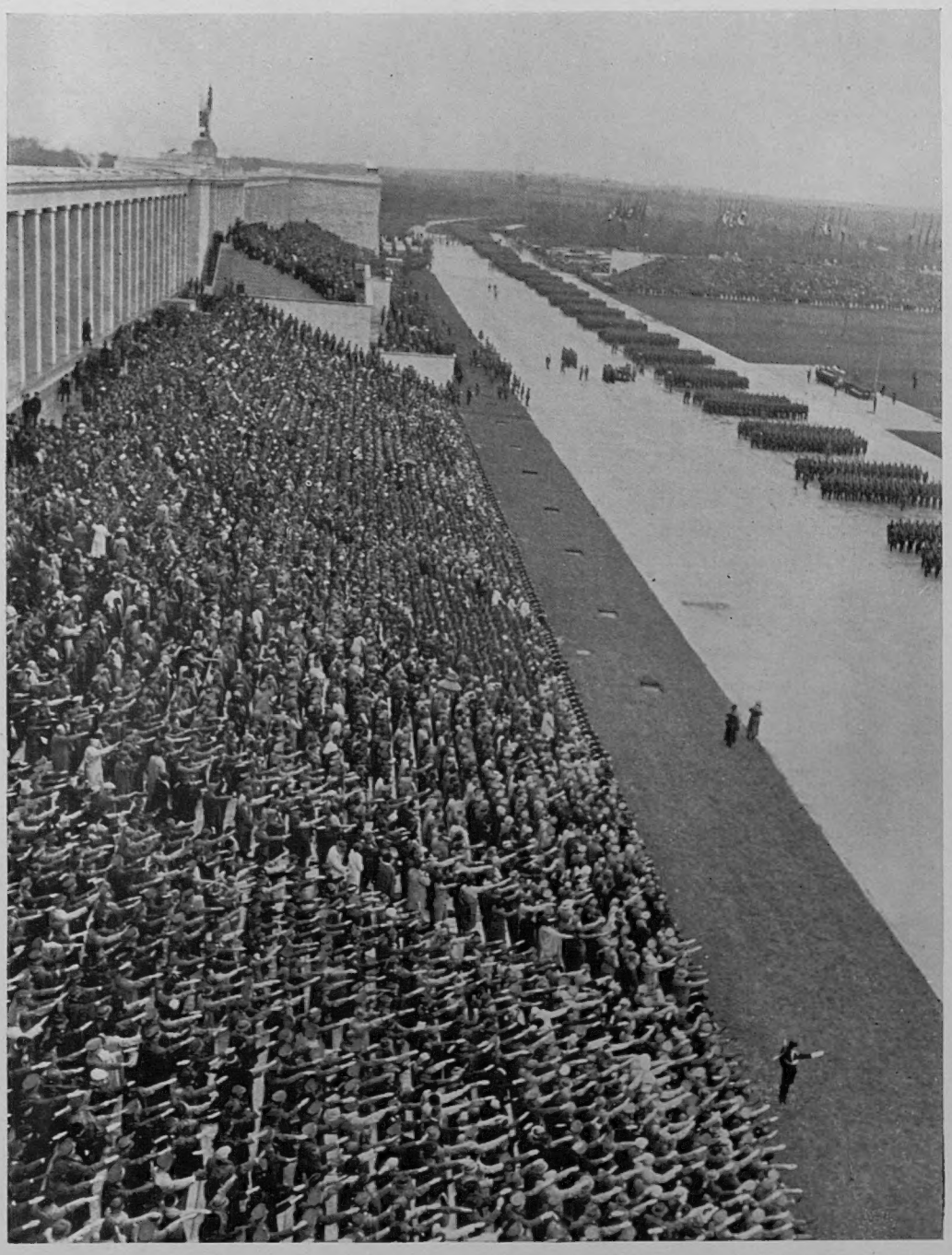
THE DUCE KEEPS SILENCE: Signor Mussolini watching the ceremony of blessing the foundation-stone of Rome's new Ministry for Italian East Africa. It was expected that Signor Mussolini would take advantage of the occasion to make a pronouncement on European affairs, but none was forthcoming, and, contrary to his usual custom, he made no speech at all. During last week-end the Duce visited the country



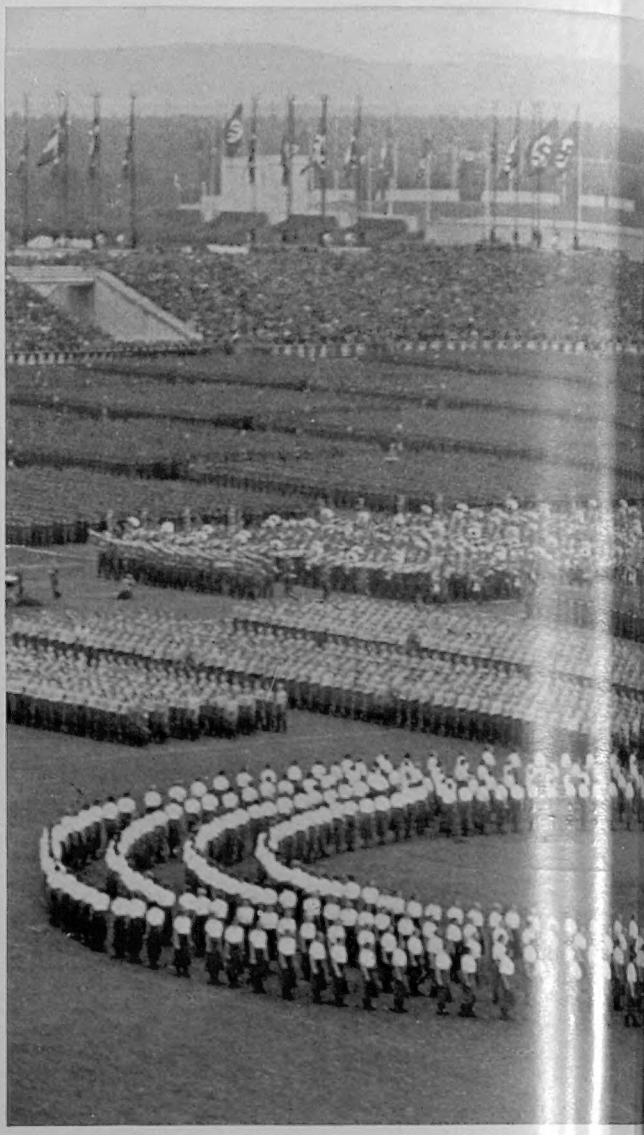
AN EASTERN DELEGATION: Members of the Manchukuan mission, which is now visiting Italy, pictured on arrival in Naples. Italy recognises the puppet Manchukuan state, being bound to its overlord, Japan, by the terms of the anti-comintern pact

GREETINGS FROM THE FUHRER: Chancellor Hitler welcoming leaders of Italy's youth organisation to the Nazi Party Congress at Nuremberg. Italy's official attitude towards the German-Czech crisis was at first vague in the extreme, but on Tuesday an article in the *Informazione Diplomatica* declared: "Henceforth there are only two possible solutions. The first is to give the Sudeten Germans the means to determine their own future; the other is to deny them that right. To give the Sudetenland the possibility of seceding from Prague is to choose the task of justice"

NUREMBERG 1938:



MARCH OF THE LABOUR FRONT: A forest of hands raised in the Nazi salute as battalions of workers paraded past the great stadium on the Zeppelin Field at Nuremberg during the tenth Nazi Party Congress which opened there last week in an atmosphere of international tension engendered by the German-Czech dispute, and closed on Monday on a no more hopeful note following Chancellor Hitler's declaration of policy

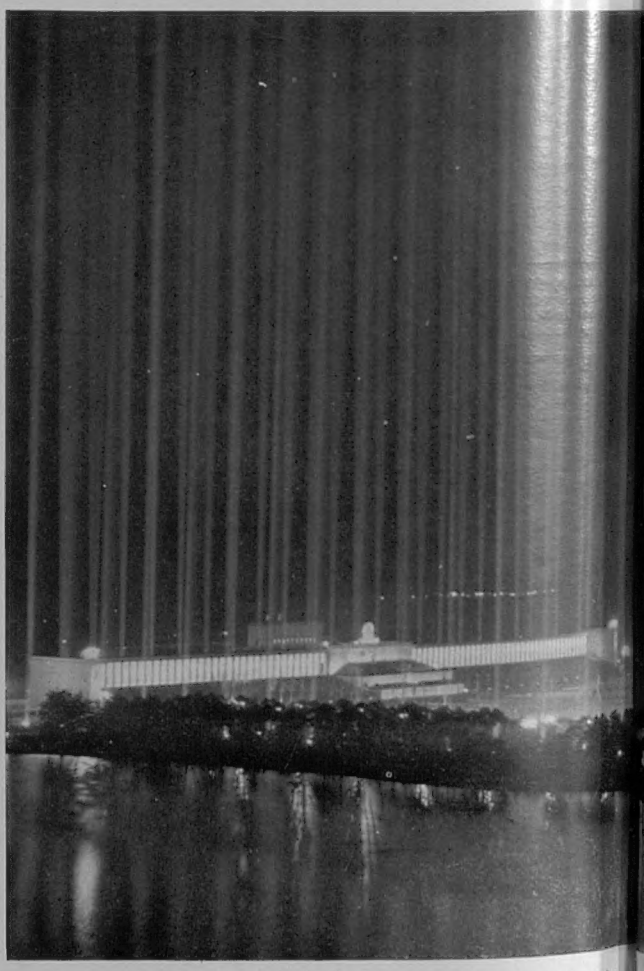


GERMANY'S MASSED YOUTH: A spectacular parade on the Zeppelin Field at Nuremberg as members of workers' organisations demonstrated their efficiency in the presence of their leaders. In the foreground girl athletes are seen circling round the Nazi

GIRLHOOD AND THE "PARTEITAG": *Left*—Members of a women's organisation in Austrian costume and others (*right*) in their uniforms consisting of hats with swastika decorations and greatcoats with the Nazi colours adorning the collars. The fair sex have been more in evidence at Nuremberg this year than ever before, largely because the Women's Labour Service is still a young and growing organisation

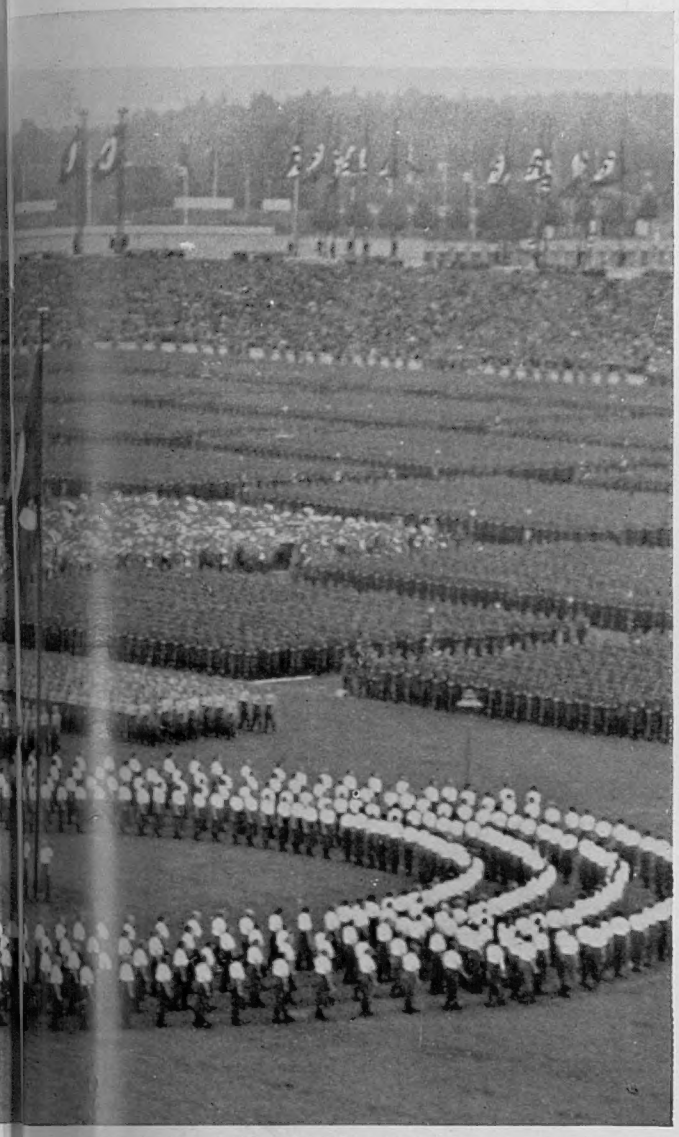
HERR HENLEIN AT THE RALLY: The leader of the Sudeten Party (second from right) was a conspicuous figure in Nuremberg by reason of the plainness of his uniform, which contrasted strikingly with that of Baron von Neurath (right), chairman of the Cabinet Council of Foreign Affairs

BRITAIN'S REPRESENTATIVE: Sir Nevile Henderson (left), our Ambassador in Berlin, seated next to a Nazi officer as he listened to one of Herr Hitler's speeches. Sir Nevile, it was reported, experienced difficulty in gaining the Chancellor's ear in order to expound the British viewpoint in the crisis

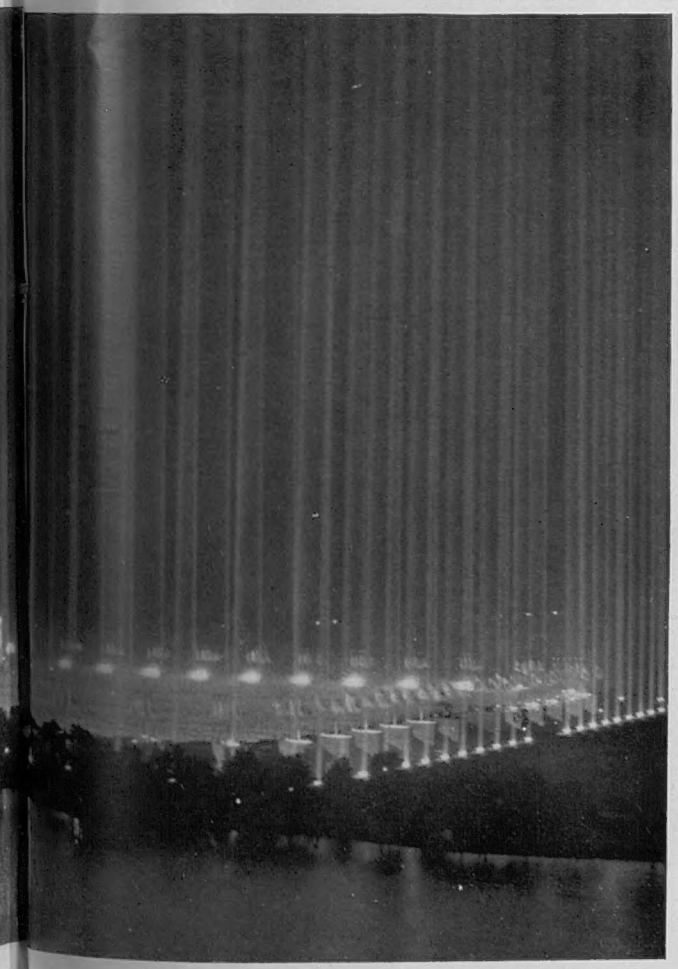


A MIGHTY CURTAIN OF LIGHT piercing the sky from massed searchlights round the Zeppelin Field. This was the setting for Chancellor Hitler's speech on September 9 when he made his first direct reference to the international situation. The Führer, however, reserved his big effort until the last, and on Monday came his anxiously awaited statement which despite its non-committal line in no way allayed apprehension. "*I shall not suffer the oppression of the Sudeten Germans,*" *he said.* "*These tactics of giving small bribes and mere phrases will not do in the long run. The question is one of injured rights. The Germans demand self-determination. This is not a question of Herr Benesh giving a*

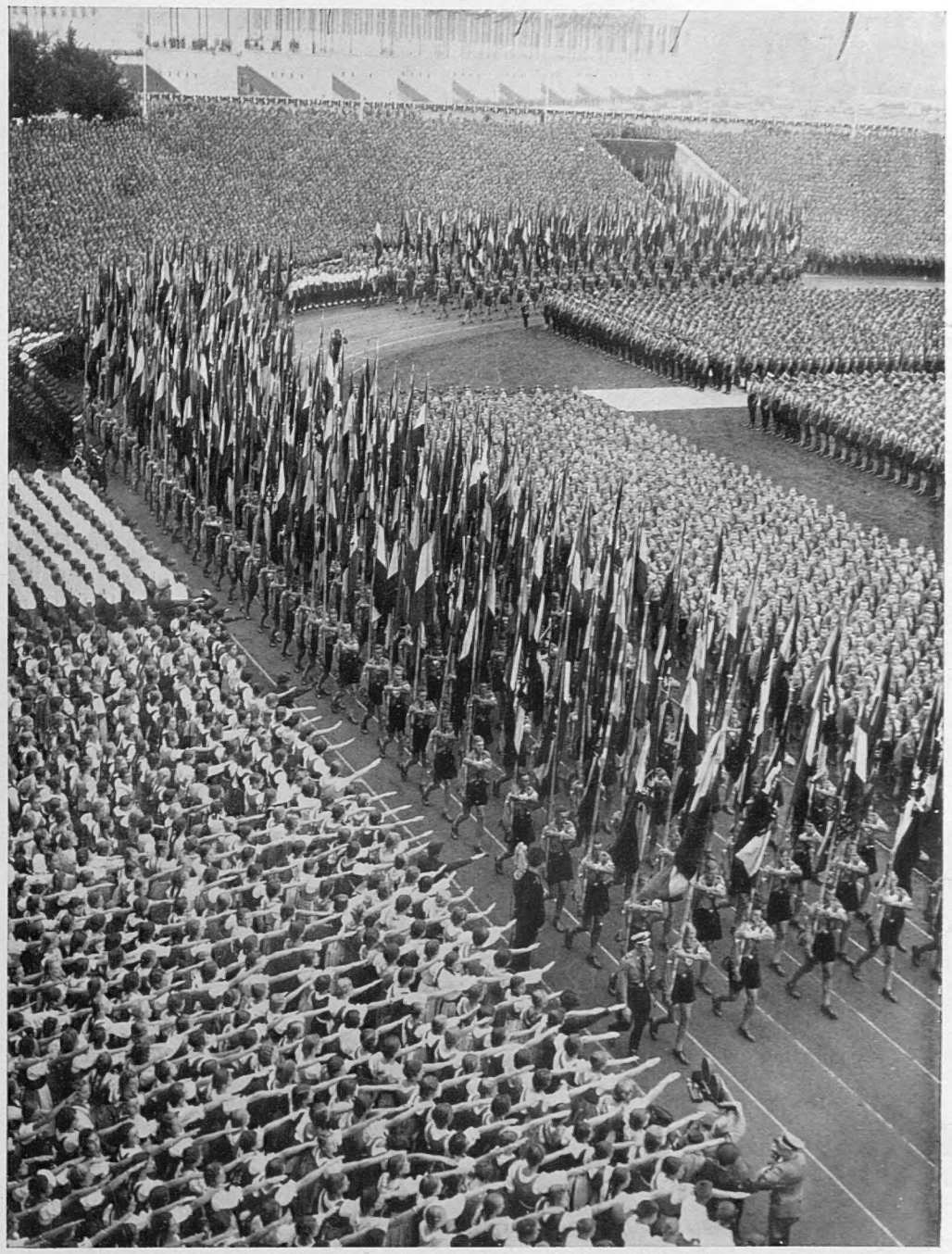
THE 10TH ANNUAL CONGRESS OF THE NAZI PARTY IS HELD IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF INTERNATIONAL TENSION: CHANCELLOR HITLER'S DECLARATION OF POLICY



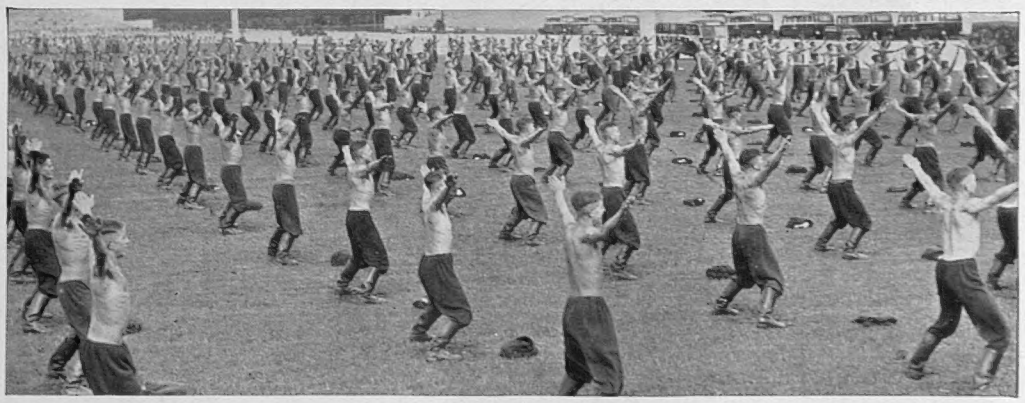
flag, while in the middle distance a massed band, some hundreds strong, plays Nazi anthems. This year the congress has been no less spectacular than in the past, but the feeling of tension regarding the Czech situation undoubtedly cast its shadow over the event



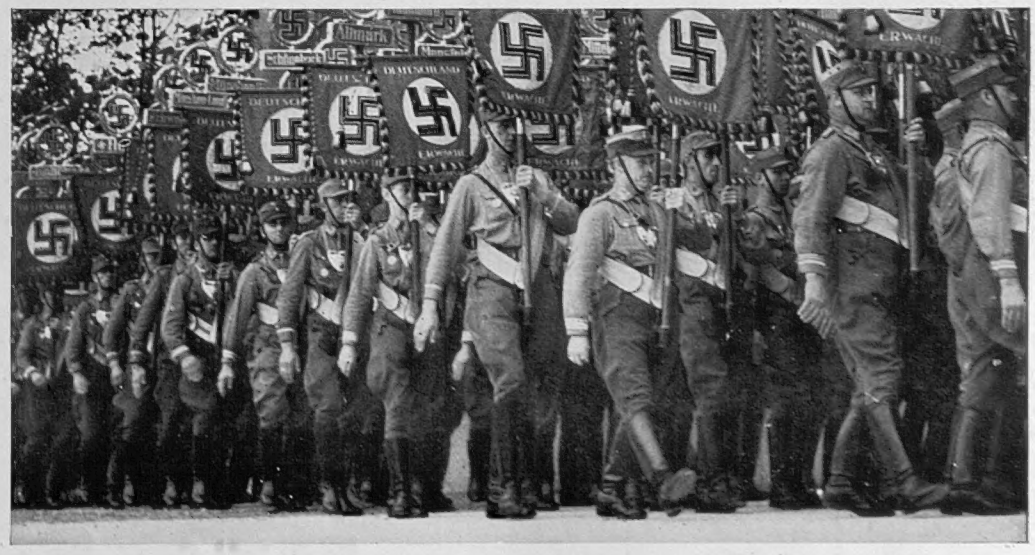
present to the Sudeten Germans. If the democratic countries are of a different opinion the consequences will be serious. I should be sorry if our relations with other countries should suffer through this. It is for M. Benesh to enter into negotiations with the proper representatives of the Sudeten Party. When I was in Rome I realised that we take too short a view of history. Nations can regenerate. The Roman Empire is beginning to breathe again. The Germanic Empire is nothing new. It existed 500 years before the New World was discovered, and to remind the world of this I had the insignia of the old Empire brought to Nuremberg. Dynasties change, but the people remain. We who are witnesses of the historic resurrection are filled with pride and happiness"



"EIN REICH, EIN VOLKE, EIN FUHRER": Standard bearers of the Hitler Youth Movement marching round the arena in the presence of an acclaiming throng. As they passed each section of the stands, a forest of hands was raised in salute. One observer stated that this year's spectacle seemed unreal, in view of the underlying question which only Hitler could answer, "The congress marches, but where to?"

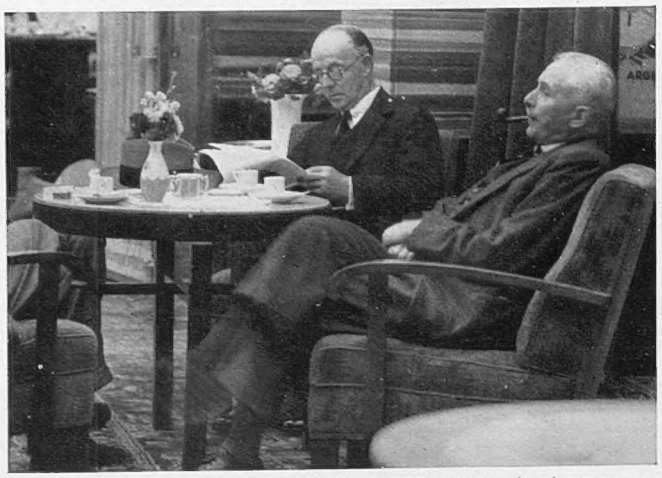


SIGNS OF THE TIMES: In view of Field-Marshal Göring's boasts as to Germany's well-being this picture of Labour Front men stripped to the waist for physical jerks would seem to indicate that food is not so abundant as he would have us believe. The men have plenty of muscle, but are decidedly thin, with ribs much in evidence. It was noticed at the congress, too, that some of the uniforms were showing signs of wear, although the standard bearers (*seen below*) made a brave show as they marched past



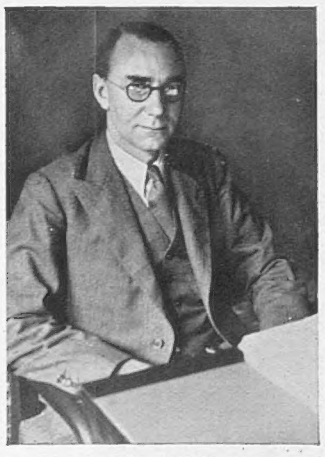
THE RUNCIMAN MISSION AT WORK

Britain's Unofficial Mediator and His Colleagues

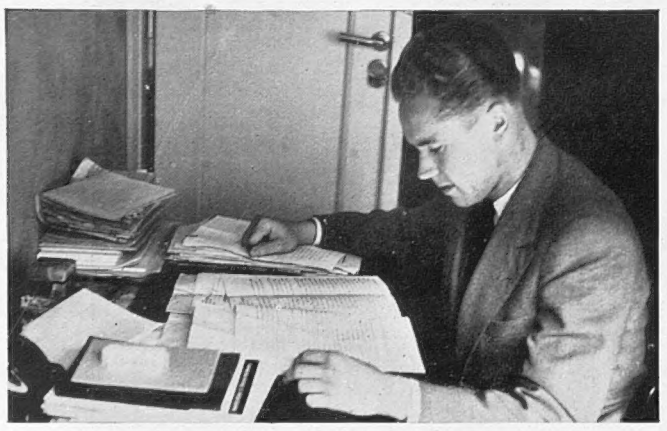


FACING A SUPERHUMAN TASK: Lord Runciman (left), Britain's unofficial mediator in the German-Czech dispute, looking over documents in the Alcron Hotel, Prague, which has been his headquarters since his arrival in Czechoslovakia bent on the task of securing a peaceful solution to the Sudeten German minority question. The strain on Lord Runciman has been tremendous

EVERYTHING GOES THROUGH HER HANDS: This is Miss Tillard who in the six weeks she has been working for Lord Runciman in the Alcron Hotel, Prague, must have typewritten tens of thousands of words of evidence gathered together by members of the mission



THEY HAVE BEEN WORKING SIXTEEN HOURS A DAY: Mr. Stopford (*left*) is another important member of Lord Runciman's mission, being engaged in touring Czechoslovakia, gaining personal impressions and information on aspects of the German-Czech situation. Mr. Henderson (*right*) is Lord Runciman's secretary, and has been specially charged with the tasks of preparing the daily programme of interviews and of giving journalists a report every evening



A VITAL GO-BETWEEN: This is Mr. Bates who interprets all interviews between the Runciman mission and the Sudeten German Party leaders

It has been given to few men to play a more lonely political role than that of Lord Runciman, Britain's unofficial investigator and mediator in the German-Czech dispute, who since his arrival in Prague in the early part of August has, with rare energy, turned his unprejudiced and inquiring mind to the task of finding a solution of the minority problem, meeting with urbane impartiality the leaders of the chief parties concerned and collating a mass of data representative of all shades of opinion in the republic. Lord Runciman and his staff, who are seen at work in the accompanying series of pictures, are all quartered in the Alcron Hotel, having a suite of four rooms where they have continued to carry on their business in the face of moun ing crisis

NEWSPAPER BILLS AND THE CRISIS: Two examples of the posters seen in London's streets as the German-Czech situation loomed menacing

WORLD OPINION AND THE CRISIS

Some Widely Differing Foreign Viewpoints

"Hitler is merely using a delayed fuse, for throughout the speech his utterances indicated a build-up for early and drastic action unless his demands are met."—*New York World Telegram.*

* * *

"The alternative which confronts the world is either immediate war, which would shatter what is left of Europe's civilisation, or else another submission to aggression, which will only whet the victor's appetite for more."

Washington Post.

* * *

"It is apparent that Hitler's sinister designs upon Czechoslovakia have for the moment been checked. It has been Britain's fate in this hour of crisis to assume the role of leadership in Europe; but the obligation thus assumed is not one which she can in future lay down without dishonour."—*Winnibeg Free Press, Canada.*

* * *

"Japan extends sympathetic support to Hitler's expression of dissatisfaction with the policies of France and Great Britain, which are designed merely to preserve the *status quo.* Japan, with Germany, takes the view that attempts at such maintenance are harmful to the cause of world peace."

Rebort in Nichi Nichi, Tokyo.

* * *

"Henceforth there are only two possible solutions. The first is to give the Sudeten Germans the means to determine their own future; the other is to deny them that right. To give the Sudetenland the possibility of seceding from Prague is to choose the task of justice and peace. The other solution is that of confusion and war."

Informazione Diplomatica, Italy.

* * *

"We have a horror of blood and of war. We do not want French mothers to weep anew, and, faithful to the principles of humanity, we do not want German mothers to weep either.

"But if the democracies wish to prevail in this defence of peace, they must show that they are able to impose upon themselves a moral discipline, the only guarantee of peace and liberty. I implore the nation to show itself united. I implore it to give the world an example of moral unity."—*M. Herriot, President of the French Chamber.*

"THE SPHERE" CHALLENGE CUP

Golfers Forgather at the Addington Club

WAITING TO DRIVE OFF: Mr. Robinson Murray and Mr. W. B. B. Fergusson were among the competitors at "The Sphere" Golf Challenge Cup Meeting which was held last Tuesday at Addington Club, Surrey

ALL IN THE TOP FLIGHT: Mr. Godfrey Smith (scratch), Major Percy C. Burton (3), Mr. Robinson Murray (1), and Mr. R. Betts (2), walking along the fairway when taking part in the four-ball bogey foursomes during the afternoon of "The Sphere" Challenge Cup Meeting

THE VICTOR: Mr. E. W. Barney (left) receiving "The Sphere" Challenge Cup from Mr. Charles Snelling, Director of Illustrated Newspapers, following his victory

JUST A FEW OF THE COMPETITORS grouped outside Addington club house for the presentation of The Sphere" Challenge Cup. The four-ball bogey foursomes in the afternoon were won by Mr. Eric Field and Mr. J. V. White, who received prizes presented by Illustrated Newspapers. The runners-up were Mr. H. G. C. Garratt and Mr. H. M. Panton, and they received prizes presented by Colonel G. C. Morphett

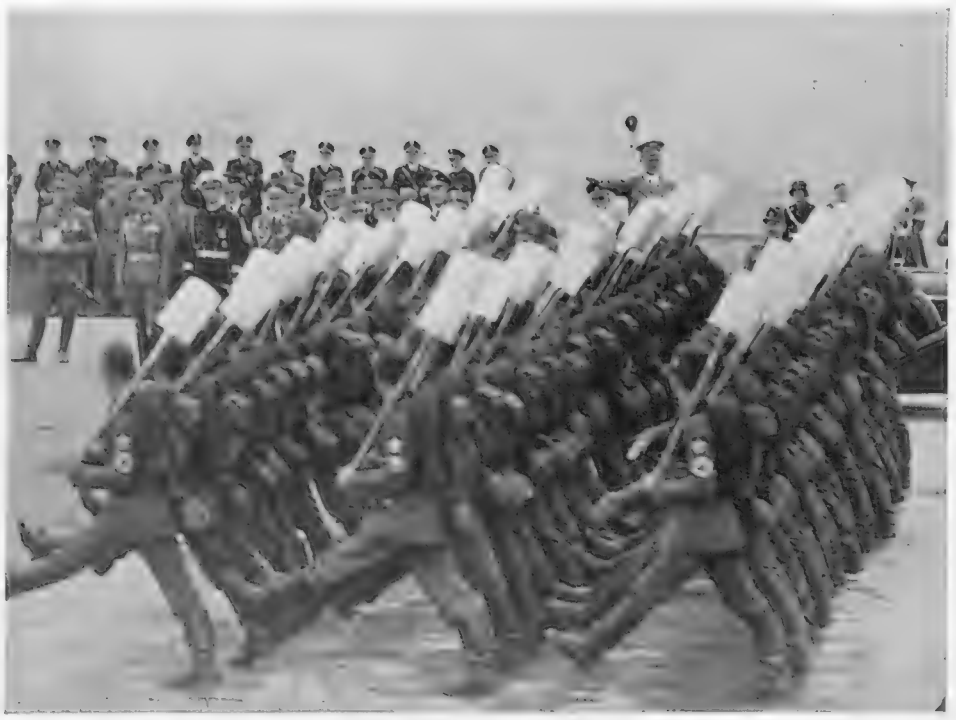
EUROPEAN SURVEY

IN CELEBRATION OF THE SIXTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE THIRD REPUBLIC: wreaths were laid last week in Paris on the statue of Gambetta, the statesman who proclaimed the new regime following the surrender at Sedan in 1870

THE NEW AMERICAN WAR MEMORIAL AT VERDON: This huge pylon was inaugurated near Bordeaux last week to commemorate the disembarkation of American troops on French soil during the great war. Many notabilities attended

FRANCE AND THE CZECH-GERMAN CRISIS: A reservist, still in civilian clothes, showing his papers to officers of the Garde Mobile at the Gare de l'Est, Paris, before entraining for the eastern frontier following the Government order to certain reservists to join their units "as a precautionary measure"—an action by which France showed her preparedness to fulfil her obligations with Czechoslovakia

ALBANIA CELEBRATES A DECADE OF MONARCHY: The scene near Tirana during the unveiling of a monument to mark the tenth anniversary of King Zog's accession to the throne and the amendment of the constitution, which up till 1928 was republican in form. There have been celebrations throughout the country during the past fortnight, and a big ball was held at the Royal Palace, Tirana



GERMANY IS NOT A MEMBER OF THE INTERNATIONAL LABOUR OFFICE, and its massed battalions of youths in the National Labour Service who, with shining spades shouldered, marched past Herr Hitler in Nuremberg last week, evidenced her attitude to the great organisation

I.L.O.

While the League of Nations as a Whole has Lost Caste Among the Powers, its Subsidiary, the International Labour Office, Survives and Flourishes in Geneva

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IN an instalment of his latest memoirs Mr. Lloyd George recorded that the only organism of the peace treaties that had been an unqualified success (because so much else had been sabotaged) was the International Labour Office (I.L.O.), and the sole senior survivor of Versailles went on to attribute a very great deal of this success to the dynamism, personality, vision, crusading faith and acumen of the organisation's first director, Albert Thomas.

Here in Geneva, Organisation No. 1, the League of Nations, is in entire stagnation on the eve of the nineteenth assembly on the day of whose opening all eyes and ears will be strained towards another fair town, Nuremberg. What is uttered at Nuremberg may set Geneva going again—or not—you will have known before you read this. But at this moment the vast white agglomeration on Ariana Hill—and how truly lovely it all looks these early September days—is in plain language napoo. As a free haunt and jaunt for tourists who flow ceaselessly through its triumphant loftiness, the Palace of the Nations has suddenly sprung to be one of Europe's prime show places. As what it was meant to be—well, suffice that this assembly for the first time hasn't a thing on its agenda worth that wonderful reward nowadays, the front page.

I thought, therefore, it might be a good thing to walk down the hill and have a look-in on Organisation No. 2. How might the I.L.O. be faring in stressful weather? Still nicely breasting the waves? Or had it perchance contracted the League's malady; was it, too, entered upon stagnation? An autonomous unit, it might be, save that its budget requires to be voted by the League—important factor. Nevertheless, when the body politic and international goes into steep decline world Labour crusading must surely also take a knock? The point assumed added interest when one recalled how so many people believe the banishing-of-war vanguard must be weighted down by the economic, not by the political battalions. If this I.L.O. could continue to justify itself, might it not yet emerge as *the* wonderful world-welding instrument of which Albert Thomas dreamt?

It was born in Seamore Place, W.1, was this first world Labour organism. At that same period—spring of 1920—I was in the States, and was sent to interview Samuel Gompers at Washington about it. His enthusiasm could hardly have been less than Albert Thomas's. This was the thing that would set the world right and, what was more, maintain the League on its feet! I feel that old Gompers uttered only in slower, heavier, less-inspired form, sentiments that I see attributed to the Frenchman in Mr. Phelan's queerly-named memoir, *Yes, and Albert Thomas*.

"An organisation of the peoples of the world, in which cabinets and parliaments, national and colonial civil services, factory and medical inspectorates, associations of workers and employers, and the individuals composing them, all have their appointed place and function."

A living instrument of action, whose strength would be in keeping touch between employers and the working classes, *be the very collaboration itself;* not a League divorced from the peoples, not a meeting ground of government delegates with no proper mandate! This first constitutional instrument of trade unionism would produce proposals for decision, not materials for debate!

"Peace can be established only if it is based on social justice." The I.L.O. would not exist just to secure equitable conditions of commercial competition. Far, far deeper should it pierce, begetting a positive policy to attain political, economic and moral rights for working mankind!

Three Britons, Mr. Geo. Barnes, Mr. Harold Butler, and Sir Malcolm Delevigne, conceived the I.L.O. as it figured in the treaties. But Captain Albert Thomas mounted the bridge and proceeded to give the most unanticipated orders to engine-room and navigating officer. And for twelve years the unique cruise endured, executed with all the skill and *audace* of a Suffren or a Duguay-Trouin. Until one night in a small café by the Gare St. Lazare, a middle-aged, bearded man collapsed. On his body, only a numbered Socialist Party membership card. Not till next day was the identity of the deceased established.

Albert Thomas loved nothing more than to "talk *ouvrier*" "*sur le zinc*," those ubiquitous little, shining stand-up bars. Yes, and it was more fitting for him to finish up there than at some banquet.

Mr. Butler succeeded to the chieftancy of what had been so very much his own infant, but this year ceased to resist the call of All Souls, and was in turn replaced by a remarkable American citizen. Mr. John G. Winant is a prominent Republican, yet willing to serve Mr. Roosevelt, when the serving is under this Genevan roof which the United States embraced but four years ago. Schoolmaster, flying officer in the war, Mr. Winant got in on the ground floor in Texan oil after the cease fire, thence launched on varied business enterprises, entered politics.

He thinks Mr. Roosevelt is right on industrial relations and so this very wealthy man joined the I.L.O. in 1935 as third assistant director. It is possible he may develop into an American version of Albert Thomas, having the force of character, to say nought of the economic prestige of his country. At all events, provided universal events do not turn just *too* sanguinary, Mr. Winant has the chance to write himself into contemporary history, if there be anything in how *The Times* regards a director of the I.L.O.:—

"His influence on the daily circumstances of life and work all over the world is without parallel; and he is charged, in the relations of peoples one with the other, to promote those understandings and adjustments which are an inseparable part of the organisation of peace."

One makes no excuse for so much personalia, since it is an established fact that the I.L.O. owes the bulk of its success to this element—to its staff and self having been stamped by a vigorous character early on—indeed, there are not lacking those who think the League itself might have got through its first twenty years without doing the next thing to crashing had it been similarly endowed on the directing side. Yet there we state a big debating point.

The new I.L.O. building recalls the best-looking type of modern barracks, strictly utilitarian in conception, but not wounding the idyllic tree-lawn-lakeside plot in which it stands. It houses some 200, drawn from forty different nationalities, and the cost of the outfit hovers, on my entirely personal method of mathematics, round £375,000 a year. At the risk of supplying ammunition to damn-all-this-costly-Geneva-meddling speakers, this works out at a farthing a head per annum for the population of Great Britain and Beyond the Seas; that is to say, our share of 11 per cent.

On this budget are also maintained what Thomas used to like to call his "legations"; actually, small offices in all important centres. Thomas believed intensely in his diplomatic division, those designated to keep touch with member states, of which there are now sixty, more than the League has.

Here we tread interesting current ground. You can't be a member of the League without being a member of the I.L.O. But you can be a member of the I.L.O. without being a member of the League. And how important that may be is revealed by the United States being a member of the former, and of Japan and Brazil continuing to be so, although they have withdrawn from the League.

Italy is in a state of suspended presence; as regards the I.L.O. technically she is in the League another year. Will she at the close of that period quit the I.L.O.? The present impression is that she will, mainly because Germany has done so finally, the first major country so to act.

Neither Germany nor Italy, nor, for that matter, Russia, are in any way applying draft conventions concerning labour conditions, as these have been adopted by many countries. Nevertheless, they could stick on in the I.L.O. despite of this, the governing idea of the organisation being elasticity and never attempting to bring pressure to bear. Countries need not sign conventions just because others do: they can go on enforcing ten- or twelve-hour days and still remain members of the I.L.O. That may sound weak, but Thomas's notion was the possibly sound one of little by little and voluntarily towards the light, the common goal far away.

In the eyes of organised world labour, the present wholesale forced labour on the German fortifications is a most heinous performance. Only less so Russia's Stakhanovist shock brigade system. Or Italy's raising of the working day in war industries—practically all industries—to ten hours, although that country was actually one of the first to establish a 40-hour week, for economic reasons strictly affecting herself. Yet if nations want to do this kind of thing, the circumstance does not brand them as covenant breakers who must get away from the I.L.O. That is the great divide between the I.L.O. and the concern higher on Ariana Hill.

I mentioned the common goal; and let's get that out of the way, because it's the kind of remark that causes people to sit back and say "Yes, that's all right, Mr. Tuohy, but what do you mean by it?" "It" is quite clearly stated in the book of words here on the table. "It is generally admitted that what the world needs to-day is an increase in its power to consume the goods which can be produced so abundantly."

Opinions must differ as to the merit of I.L.O. effort towards this inevitable end destined to transform life for generations on the way. After the war, Albert Thomas strove for ten years to get the 48-hour international week, as a basic means towards his goal. The I.L.O. effort has lately been towards the 40-hour week, which issue dominated last June's annual International Labour Conference here, when it was carried over till next summer. Even the almighty Jouhaux admitted forty hours was inapplicable to agriculture and to the merchant marine. Yet this is no place to discuss the matter other than to say that so sound and honourable a democrat as Daladier has felt it impossible to sustain adequate war preparation on the basis of a 40-hour week: if the workers want to save themselves from 60-hour totalitarian weeks, they must work more now. *Après, ça sera une autre histoire*, to paraphrase French writers' favourite quotation.

The western world is temporarily held up on its way to the common goal, blocked, bent to wickedly superfluous labour, by considerations of race and creed and ideology and heaven knows what.

Mention of the annual conference necessitates a brief statement of the I.L.O.'s mechanism.

The conference is the yearly three-weeks parliament. Each country has four votes—the employer and the worker one each and the government two. This congress cannot make laws, its maximum power lies in drafting treaties. All the facts to enable it to reach sound decisions have been circulated well in advance by the I.L.O., this forming a capital deviation from League procedure which can lead to endless debating and jockeying at the annual assembly.

Next comes the governing body of thirty-two, really the conference in miniature, and consisting of the representatives of sixteen governments and eight employers and eight workers. Eight of the governments are permanently represented, akin to the permanent members of the League Council, and the present permanent members are Great Britain, United States, France, Japan, U.S.S.R., India, Italy, Canada. The last was recently substituted for lapsing Germany; soon another may have to be substituted for probably lapsing Italy. These permanent members are selected for their being the world's provenly greatest industrial states. You can prove this by figures and facts, another advantage over election manœuvring for permanent membership of the League Council.

In third place, but by no manner of means last, comes the office itself, now under Mr. Winant. For this office is the real steering agency, the fount from which proposals and strategy and tactics spring. It is up to the I.L.O. leaders to see that all those aforementioned facts enabling the annual conference to reach sound decisions are circulated well in advance, behind which observation can be read this: the I.L.O. leaders prompt the governing body to decide which subjects shall be discussed.

Such prompting has to be done with the utmost skill if there are to be any results. It is no use to expect to reach an international agreement except on a subject where there is known to be

(Continued on page 472)

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EBRO FRONT: Where Government Spain Has Counter-Attacked and the Insurgents Have Had To Battle Desperately For Their Prestige: The Civil War Enters Upon Its Third Winter

GOOD COVER: Steel-helmeted legionaries waiting in the undergrowth for the signal to attack after Franco's aviation had prepared a way in a bombing assault on the Government lines. The insurgents make considerable use of their air force in this manner, but it is a costly business

ON ENEMY DESTRUCTION BENT: A long-bodied German plane in General Franco's service flying low when about to bomb Government positions at close range to pave the way for an infantry advance. The insurgents are immensely superior from the point of view of aviation

BRIGADE EXCHANGE: General Alonso, leader of one of the crack units on the Ebro, telephoning orders to his artillery during the height of an action

In the early part of July General Franco was pressing rapidly towards Valencia and, it seemed, the conquest of another large area of Spain. On the 25th of that month, however, the Government forces delivered a surprise counter attack, actually crossing the Ebro and encircling the strategically important town of Gandesa. This was a blow to insurgent hopes, and, although Gandesa was saved for the time being, it was a further shock when the Government forces held their own in subsequent encounters, refusing to be driven back across the river. Last week the insurgents began another offensive, but at first it made only slow progress

GUARDING G.H.Q.: Professional soldiers of the Spanish Foreign Legion on duty outside the headquarters of General Camile Alonso who was recently drafted to the Ebro to help put new life into the insurgent effort on that front. General Franco realises that it rests with him to take decisive action, as time is on the side of the Government. Last week the insurgents started yet another big offensive and a total of 300,000 men was reported to be in action on the Ebro

THE PRESIDENT VISITS WEST VIRGINIA: Mr. Roosevelt on one of his many tours of the various states this year, during which he has told voters which Democratic candidates he personally wishes nominated for the forthcoming elections. His intervention in local affairs has been widely criticised

THE JOB HUNTERS: The scene outside the Municipal Buildings, New York City, as 1,000 men waited to undergo physical fitness tests when seeking work as porters in civic institutions

THIS GAS MANAGER'S WIFE IS CREATING A MINOR POLITICAL STIR: Mrs. Charles L. Hulswit, of Suffern, New York State, who has started a revolt among the women of her home town against rising public spending, demanding that something be done to "keep our children's future unmortgaged"

A JOYOUS DEATH WATCH: Vice-President of the United States John Garner (seated) with political colleagues on June 16 as they waited for the seventy-fifth Congress to breathe its last before leaving Washington for a well-earned rest. On the left is Democratic floor-leader Alben Barkley, of Kentucky, who has just been re-nominated in his own state despite opposition from anti-New-Dealers. He is a Roosevelt man through and through

ROOSEVELT GIVES AMERICA STILL MORE NEW DEAL

While Staunch Republicans View with Alarm the Prospect of His Third Term, the President Stumps Through the States

MORE New Deal, rather than less, is the almost certain prospect for the United States after the elections to the Senate and the House of Representatives next November. This may be surprising in view of the fact that unemployment is growing, business is dwindling to the vanishing point, retail prices are rocketing while wages are falling, and the most intelligent and carefully considered opposition to the New Deal has developed within the past seven or eight months. It is, nevertheless, the obvious conclusion.

As a result, business may be expected to continue on a low level, and no real progress may be expected in the economic field. Between now and the election there will probably be some surface signs of a "revival," because Roosevelt is spending a great deal of money on relief and public works projects, just as he did prior to the 1936 election. After the next election, as after the 1936 election, once he has the reins of power again firmly in his hands, he is expected to curtail spending. Then, as after the 1936 election, the bottom will drop out of everything.

Until recently, there was a rising hope among Roosevelt's opponents that the forthcoming elections would at least seriously impair his power in Congress by retiring New Deal supporters in favour of conservatives. The hope was based in part on the fact that business, industry and unemployment in the United States have been growing steadily worse since last December. It was based in part on the fact that Roosevelt has been touring the country, telling the voters of the different states which candidates to nominate or re-nominate and which to defeat. No previous president ever sought thus to intervene in state elections without bringing disaster on his head. It was based in part on the fact that the announcement of the President's intention to spend a great deal of money at this time on relief and public works immediately started retail prices, already too high, on a further upward course, with the definite prospect that they will continue to rise as long as the spending continues, and that they will probably continue at an abnormally high level long after the spending ceases or has been restricted.

As meat has long since disappeared from countless American tables, and as countless American families are still wearing clothing that is one year or more old, without any prospect of being able to buy new, it was believed that any further price-rise would create sufficient sentiment to offset the fresh wholesale distribution of alms by the Government. It was also based on the fact that U.S. Senator Alben W. Barkley should have been a relatively easy man to defeat for re-nomination.

Barkley is not an impressive figure. He is nothing if not colourless. He is Roosevelt's hand-picked floor-leader in the Senate, and his chief claim to distinction appears to be his willingness to do whatever Roosevelt tells him to do.

Barkley was confronted by unusually vigorous opposition, which sought to nominate Governor "Happy" Chandler, of Kentucky, a conservative, in his place. The opposition was the more firmly cemented by the fact that Roosevelt visited the state and spoke in favour of Barkley. It leaned heavily on the historic fact that Kentucky has always been "anybody's state till the votes are counted." But it leaned too heavily. Or, in any case, the historic fact gave way. Barkley was re-nominated by a margin of about 60,000 votes out of a total of approximately 400,000 votes cast for both candidates; and the New Deal had won.

Having won the re-nomination on the Democratic ticket in his state, Barkley must, of course, stand for re-election on "the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November"; but there is little prospect of his defeat. The Republican party in the United States is still a chaotic and pitiful thing, without a leader and without an idea. It is further confronted by a fact that is grave cause for increasing alarm, namely, that the country is definitely in the hands of the people who are on relief, and who depend for the perpetuation of relief on the perpetuation of the New Deal.

If Barkley had been defeated, Roosevelt would have been sorely tried to find anyone to take his place as Senate floor-leader. With the exception of Wagner of New York, there is scarcely a Democratic senator of any ability at all who is not opposed to the President's programme. This is true, for example, of Glass and Byrd of Virginia, Tydings of Maryland, and Pittman of Nevada. But, before the result was announced, the Barkley-Chandler race was regarded as a test of the New Deal; and, now that the New Deal has won, I think it must still be regarded as a test, and that its indication of how the wind is blowing must be accepted.

The Barkley campaign in Kentucky reached perhaps as great a degree of bitterness as a campaign could. Murder is nothing new in Kentucky's political campaigns; but this campaign is alleged to have involved fratricide. New Deal Sheriff Lee Combs of Breathitt County was shot and killed in the town of Jackson. (The county has been known as "Bloody Breathitt" since 1921, when four men were killed and seventeen were wounded in a gun battle over an election.)

By NELSON SPRINGER

The logical inference from this data is that when the new Congress convenes next year, Roosevelt will control it at least almost as completely as he does now, a control that for all practical purposes has proved to be absolute. It should be noticed, however, that the President is being forced to fight to hold his advantage. In 1936 he did not have to fight to be re-elected President of the United States.

And it should be noted that, if Barkley won in Kentucky by a margin of 60,000 votes, U.S. Senator Bennett Champ Clark won in Missouri by 400,000. Champ Clark has opposed some, not all, New Deal policies. He is a conservative, the son of the late Champ Clark, who, as a member of the House, finally broke the power of Speaker Cannon.

The younger Clark is a man of less apparent ability than his father, and he is colourless, like Barkley, whereas his father was frequently spectacular, if not brilliant. There are several reasons why Clark's victory over his New Deal opponent cannot be regarded as significant as Barkley's victory over his anti-New-Deal opponent.

First, Barkley is Roosevelt's right-hand man in the Senate, and his defeat would have constituted an almost complete repudiation of the President by the Democratic organisation in Kentucky.

Second, Clark's opposition to the New Deal has not been so bitter, so scathing, or so irreconcilable as, for example, that of Byrd and Glass of Virginia.

Third, Missouri is a conservative state. Like Kentucky, it was a slave state that remained in the Union during the civil war; and it has always been as likely to vote Republican as Democratic. It has always elected conservative men, whether Democrats or Republicans.

Fourth, Clark appealed to the voters partly on the ground that he wishes to be the next Democratic candidate for president (in 1940); and the next Democratic candidate for president is almost practically assured of election now. Missouri would like to have a president who hails from Missouri. So a large part of Clark's vote must be regarded as a "favourite-son" vote.

I wish I could make a different report. I wish I could state that the liquidation of the New Deal is in sight. But I can state only the conclusions to which I am forced by the facts. I see no end to the New Deal, except the ruinous end it is bound to reach for itself and for the country. That is not guess work. By going over the nation's books for the past six years, anyone but a Roosevelt could calculate it. Thirty billion dollars have been spent to make a bad condition worse. How many billions will Roosevelt have to spend to make the worse condition "worser"? There is the substance of the conundrum.

It is now seriously feared that Roosevelt will seek nomination for a third term in 1940. (No one doubts that if he is nominated he will be elected.) Southern Democrats are now seeking to revive for the next national convention the rule that a candidate cannot be nominated for president without the vote of two-thirds of the delegates. This would give the conservative south the power to veto Roosevelt, with the result that the convention would be forced to name a compromise candidate. If this fails, as things are now going, the United States may easily look forward to a total of twelve years of Roosevelt.

THE CZECH ARMY HOLDS ITS AUTUMN MANŒUVRES

EVIDENCE OF STRENGTH: Medium tanks of the Czechoslovakian army seen during the early autumn manœuvres which began last week in the Bohemian district at a moment when the Czech-German situation was particularly tense. Eye-witnesses of the exercises recorded the highly mechanised nature of this republican force, which is stronger than many people believe, having a reserve of arms second to none among the smaller European powers. The *pièce de résistance* is, of course, the Bren gun, examples of which are shown *below*. It is of Czech origin, but so successful a type is it that many foreign powers have acquired the patent

"... AND SO AD INFINITUM"! Kay Stammers, who is at present in the United States for the championships, posing before mirrors in a New York store in a tennis dress she has designed herself. It is of white linen, edged pink at the neck and the hem

CHAMPIONSHIP BID: Adrian Quist (left) and youthful John Bromwich (second from left), Australia's Davis Cup players, with the Americans, George Toley and Gardner Mully, whom they defeated 6-1, 9-7, 6-2 to reach the semi-finals of the American Doubles Championship. They succumbed to Budge and Mako in the final

INTERNATIONAL TENNIS
in the
UNITED STATES

STORM OVER THE UKRAINE

Another Area Where the Peace Treaties Have Sown the Seeds of Discontent and Trouble is Anticipated For Moscow

TO the majority of people in Britain the Ukraine is not much more than a name applied to the southern part of European Soviet Russia, and the Ukrainians are only known rather vaguely as one of the elements in what is generally described as the "minorities problem." Of their racial history, characteristics, culture, and economic life very little is known, perhaps because the Ukrainians are essentially a people of the soil, averse to self-advertisement, and not very skilful propagandists. Yet they occupy a vast territory, covering more than 130,000 sq. miles, and are a sharp, insistent, and ever more penetrating thorn in the flesh of three governments. More than that, they are likely to become a factor of major importance in European politics within the next twelve months. The storm-clouds are gathering, the fire of revolt is burning bright in the hearts of 45,000,000 people, and very soon the Ukrainians will be what they call in America "head-line news."

Of these 45,000,000 people, approximately 37,000,000 are in the Soviet Ukraine, with the city of Kiev the centre of their ancient culture; 7,000,000 in the Polish Ukraine, i.e., the provinces of Galicia, Bolhynia and Polissia; and approximately 1,000,000 in the Carpathian Ukraine under Czech and Rumanian rule. Before the war they were under Russian and Austrian rule. In the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk they secured national independence, but at Versailles their territory was sub-divided among four nations instead of two, the allied statesmen turning deaf ears to their plea for independence.

Since Versailles their story has been the sad one of a proud, virile people struggling for their liberty, rising from time to time in actual revolt in Russia and Poland, and subjected in all four countries to a savage and continual persecution, and in Russia to economic exploitation as well. The term savage persecution may seem over-strong, but anyone who has read the inner history of the Ukraine under Soviet rule, or the private, uncensored reports of independent observers on the Polish administration of Galicia and Bolhynia will not dispute its accuracy. The net result has been to unite the Ukrainians in their hatred of their four rulers, provide fuel for the fires of revolt, and produce a situation that must quite soon become a major issue in European politics.

It is natural to inquire how this situation has arisen and why it is coming to a head at the present time. In seeking the answer to this question one must take into consideration such factors as the composition of the Far-Eastern Soviet Army, the death of many members of the Red General Staff, the Czechoslovak crisis, the internal difficulties of Poland, and a bomb explosion in Rotterdam. Underneath the surface the Ukrainian revolt has been simmering for nearly twenty years, but it lacked cohesion, and its leadership was partisan. Behind the screen of censorship the peasants of the Ukraine have carried on a ceaseless revolt against the Soviet. In the Ukraine itself they have risen time and time again by villages and districts, armed with a few stolen rifles and tools from their farms, only to be suppressed immediately and ruthlessly. At the same time they have built up a secret revolutionary organisation that is spread like a net all over the 175,000 sq. miles of Russian-ruled Ukrainian territory, with its agents in every possible quarter.

The Soviet chiefs are well aware of the existence of these conspiracies against them—continual reminders are the daily records of Communist officials shot, collective farm-buildings burnt, government posters defaced, Red Army officers found dead—but with all their powers and ramifications the Soviet secret police have been singularly unsuccessful in combating them. The Ukrainian national leader, Simon Petlura, and a short while ago his successor as leader of the revolt, Colonel Eugene Konovaletz, have certainly vanished from the scene under strange circumstances.

The death of Konovaletz was a serious blow to the Ukrainian revolutionary movement, but he had resigned himself to whatever fate held and plans for his successor had been cut-and-dried for a long time. It may well be that the death of this great Ukrainian patriot and fighting soldier may prove to be the event that will bring to a head the latent unrest of nearly twenty years.

The Ukrainian liberation movement has been tremendously encouraged by the recent purges that have decimated the higher command of the Red Army. Years of underground intrigue have taught them that the strength of the Kremlin's grip on the Ukraine is in exact ratio to the strength of the army, for Soviet rule in the south depends entirely on its bayonets and guns.

It is also true that there is close and continual connection between the leaders of the underground movement in Carpathia and Galicia and a western power, but the Ukrainians frankly regard any foreign assistance simply as a means to an end, and as something to be discarded when that end is attained. Any uprising in the Czech Ukraine will not be restricted to the frontiers of the Republic. It will spread like a summer fire in a pine-forest across the frontiers into Poland and Rumania. In a message sent to London a few days ago from Galicia this sentence occurred: "The harvest will soon be over. Then we shall be ready and waiting for the word." That may be just heroics, but the Polish secret police do not think so.

The majority of the men who would emerge as the leaders of a Ukrainian revolt are men of the soil, peasants or descendants of the landed proprietors. They come of soldier stock, for the Ukrainians are magnificent fighting men, and they are as well singularly acute politicians. Persecution, execution and imprisonment have only had the effect of strengthening the liberation movement. They are not discouraged by the fact that since 1919 one revolt after another has proved abortive, and argue that the conditions for a large-scale national rising were never more propitious. Russia is facing difficulties in the east and lacks an effective higher command for her armies; Czechoslovakia is fully engaged with the Sudeten problem; and Poland is fearful of both her neighbours as well as having to face discontent among the minorities that constitute 39 per cent. of the total population. The Polish Peasant Party is demanding liberty, and the return of the exiled and beloved ex-Premier Vitos.

J. Baker White

DUSK ON THE DNIEPER; Kiev, busy capital of the Soviet Ukraine, is to-day a city of deep-laid political intrigue, giving Moscow much cause for foreboding

MAKING *a* DESERT FILM *on a* CALIFORNIAN GOLF COURSE

✣

Hollywood Tells the Story of the Suez Canal

EGYPT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: For the new film *Suez*, which has just been completed by Twentieth Century Fox in Hollywood and will be coming to London later in the year, many hundreds of tons of sand were laid over a Californian golf course to provide a true-to-life setting. Here we see a state procession in course of being filmed, the camera being mounted on pneumatic tyres and hauled by man power to keep pace with the cavalcade. Even though the picture was made under a blazing sun it will be observed that a powerful light had to be used to obtain the proper effects. The film tells the story of the building of the Suez Canal, and its strong cast includes Annabella, Loretta Young, and Tyrone Power

PREPARING TO SHOOT a bathing episode in the film *Suez*. Annabella, the French star of the picture, is seen about to enter an old-fashioned bathing machine, where she slipped over her ultra-modern bathing suit a voluminous costume of the type our grandmothers and great-grandmothers wore, afterwards emerging to face the cameras

MOVIE-MADE STORM: In this dramatic episode the properties department engineered a sand-storm, and did it with such effect that the artificially-created gale blew the sand far beyond the golf-course, where the film company was engaged in shooting. *On left*—A camp scene in the desert. The groggy palm trees rather destroy the illusion

CANADA STILL PAYS THE INDIAN FOR HIS LAND

On "Treaty Payment Day" The Redskin Comes to the Trading Post To Receive His Dues

By JAMES MONTAGNES

A NORTH ONTARIO INDIAN with her child slung behind her. A picture taken on treaty payment day

There is no rush. Men, women, and children amble over to the table, for all share in the payments. The treaties made many years ago, as more and more territory was needed by the whites, and the treaties made in recent years, as the northward trek of the white man began, all state that the annuity goes to every man, woman, and child. There is no hurry, for the Indian has ample time. The white man who represents the Government has also accepted that belief in his dealings with the red man.

There is a doctor and usually a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police with the treaty agent—the doctor, because every Indian receives free medical service according to the treaty, and the Mountie in case of trouble, which comes chiefly from the illegal importation of fire-water by an unscrupulous white. The Indians are called by name, they present their identification card, while the agent asks them questions about their health, births and deaths in the family, and what the Indian has done during the past year, how his fur catch has turned out, how many of his children were sick during the year, how many go to school. Sometimes it takes but a few minutes to pay an Indian his treaty money. At other times an hour or more may pass while the Indian and the white man converse, helped by an interpreter if necessary. Then the Indian receives the money for himself, his wife and children.

COUNTING THEIR TREATY MONEY: Indians handling the crisp new dollar bills which the Canadian Government gives each year to every Redskin under the pacts, made many years ago, whereby the white man took possession of the land and agreed to pay an annuity for it. The payments are to continue in perpetuity, and the annual distribution at the trading posts is always an occasion for celebration

THE WHITE MAN KEEPS FAITH WITH THE REDSKIN: An Indian chief receiving his annual treaty payment at a Northern Ontario fur post, while others wait their turn and a member of the Canadian Mounted Police Force looks on. Several of the Indians are wearing their treaty medals

TWENTY men this summer distributed treaty money to Canadian Indians gathered at twenty central points or at camps in those twenty regions. In Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, British Columbia and the north-west territories, the Indians once more received crisp new dollar bills, once more made merry, and departed to look forward to the day next year when they will again make high holiday on treaty payment day.

"As long as the sun shines and the rivers run."

Over those words the pipe of peace was first smoked more than 100 years ago by Indians and white men. Perhaps time eternal was in the minds of those who sat about that council fire. Unborn generations were to benefit from the palaver which had concluded with the treaty which was to have effect forever, or, in the picture language of the red man, as long as the sun continued to shine down on the land and the mighty rivers to traverse the earth. The land which the Indians had roamed in freedom was being handed over to the whites. In return there was to be no set payment, but a perpetual annuity to continue to the red man's descendants.

By lake and river routes the Indians of northern Canada come together for the annual treaty payments. From far and near they come, bringing their families with them, leaving their hunting and their trap lines, their work at trading posts or mining camps, even travelling hundreds of miles to come to take part in the biggest day of the year. The Indian must be far distant and importantly busy indeed who does not show up on treaty payment day.

In quick time tents are pitched, camp fires started. Entire Indian villages spring up on the shores of northern lakes. Eyes scan the waters as well as the skies, for sometimes the treaty-paying white men come by motor-powered canoe and often by air, flying in those "big bees" which have now become a commonplace to the northern Indians.

WIGWAMS AMID THE PINES at a camp near Banff, Alberta, established in readiness for the arrival of the government official who makes the annual treaty payments

A volley rings out as the canoe or plane comes in sight. Bullets fly through the air as every type of firearm possessed by the natives is fired in welcome. There is a great rush for the shore to see who has come this year; then the camp goes back to normal, with old friends visiting, with courting and asking in marriage.

The treaty payment party is installed at the trading post, taking up its place outside, the official paymaster taking his seat behind a table frequently covered with a Union Jack. From high up on a flagpole waves another Union Jack in the breeze, signalising that treaty payments will now be made.

It is no great sum which changes hands. Some treaties call for 5 dollars to each man, woman and child. Others state the annuity to be 4 dollars. For once the man with most children fares best. He receives the largest bundle of fresh bills. Under some treaties the chief and his six councillors receive more, in some cases 25 dollars for the chief, 15 dollars for each councillor. Altogether it mounts up. The treaty paymasters distribute nearly 250,000 dollars each year for the land which the Indians surrendered.

According to the treaties, in bad times when the hunting has not been auspicious or the crops have not matured, the Government provides food, medical assistance and clothing. No Indian may be allowed to starve or go naked. The white man has signed solemn treaties and smoked the pipe of peace at the council fires, that he will take care of the red man. And that runs to 2,500,000 dollars a year.

There is much merrymaking to the treaty payment day. It is an occasion for the Indian to partake of luxuries he cannot obtain in the bush. Candy and bakers' bread, cakes, and sometimes soft drinks—these are the luxuries. Young and old feast on the delicacies, while the trading post does a big business. Otherwise the money is spent to buy necessities such as flour, sugar, tea, pork; blankets, bright calicoes for dresses, shawls, plaid shirts, and guns; trinkets, glass jewellery, alarm clocks; even saxophones and mouth-organs are traded for the treaty money at some of these stores.

AMONG THE REDSKINS OF N.W. AMERICA

Studies of Red Indian Types By Arthur J. Pitts

KAN'MIYIT KLAU'KLA (MORNING GRIZZLY BEAR): A fine type of Kootenai Indian painted by Arthur J. Pitts, who has spent many years in Western Canada, making a close study of the many surviving tribes. The Kootenais are essentially agriculturists, living remotely on their reserves in the shadow of the Rockies, but with them hunting is a constant diversion. They have retained many of their traditional characteristics

A HANDSOME HYBRID: This woman is the daughter of a west coast Vancouver Island mother and a Kowichan father, being tall, slender, and lithe, in marked contrast to most of the Kowichan matrons. Her coat is adorned with yellow cedar "Indian clubs" and a single feather protrudes from her head-gear. The Kowichans have always earned their livelihood from the sea, the whale being frequently symbolised upon their carvings

A HAIDA PRINCESS

Princess Kaljusie Yeltatzi, of the Haida tribe of south-east Alaska, the daughter of Chief Yeltatzi. The Haidas have always been known as great canoe builders, and their totems are among the most splendidly carved in north-west America. They were once inveterate fighters, other redskins going in much awe of them

A KOWICHAN WOMAN

Another Kowichan woman with cedar bark head-dress and characteristic cloak. The Kowichans, who are found on the east coast of Vancouver Island, are one of the many tribes who have been dominated in past centuries by the Haidas, a circumstance explained by the fact that they are of less robust type

THE GANNETS OF GR

And Other Wonders of Life on this Remote Pembrokeshire Coast—The Rapid Growth of the

A PEREGRINE FALCON AT THREE WEEKS OLD: A picture taken on the Pembrokeshire coast showing the bird before it has lost its down. It grows very rapidly, as witness the picture below, revealing it ten days later when it had acquired its adult plumage. The peregrine is rare in this country, partly because so many nests are robbed by persons wishing to train it for falconry

IN THE FLUFFY STAGE: A young gannet (technical known as a guga where it is estimated that there is now a colony of at least 7,000 pelican and cormorant family. The breeding seas lasts from Marc the female gannet lays only one egg, the colony is creasing mar

RESPLENDENT IN ITS ADULT PLUMAGE: The young peregrine falcon as it appeared ten days after the first picture of it was taken. A remarkable comparison, revealing the rapid rate of its growth. The peregrine has suffered enormously from unreasonable persecution, largely because it preys on grouse and other game birds; but many are of the opinion that it does more good than harm

STATUESQUE: An adult gannet perched on a rock on Grassholm

Some 12 miles west of the Pembrokeshire coast there is a small island, some 6 acres in extent, known as Grassholm. Here there is a gannet colony, and from March to October, the breeding season, it is an incredible sight.

In 1914 there were only about 300 pairs of these birds upon the island, in 1922 there were 800 to 1,000 pairs, in 1924 about 2,000 pairs, in 1932 some 4,750 pairs, and this increased in 1933 to 5,500. During the present year another census is being taken, but the figures have not yet been published. This will probably show that there are at least 7,000 pairs upon the island. All of these congregate together and occupy no more than a third of the island. The remarkable increase in the population is due to several causes, p to the e Island, but much to the c

Grassholm bel to Mr. H. C. of the birds is watched by t Society. Access to the island currents, and the birds are r quence, they take little notice o among them they withdraw out

In some gannetries the imm mature until they are about fo the breeding gannets but seek o of the breeding colonies when t

Gannets are large birds, we wing spread of 6 ft. Th destroyed they will lay another for the fact that eggs and you upon the island any time during

The young birds are relati four months to attain full weigh

The parent birds, when fee the fishing, one bird remaining food. It has been noticed th or eight journeys a day and are a day. They are often absent hours, and they can cruise at 4

If, as estimated, there are island, and if they each cons which is a very good estimate, approximately 25 tons of fish p

BASKING IN THE SUMMER SUN: rocks at Grassholm where they ar in large numbers. Together with heavy toll of the fisheries off

RASSHOLM

ote Part of the
e Peregrine Falcon

a guga) on e island of Grassholm,
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per day.

F. W. Bond, F.R.P.S., F.Z.S.

S.W.: A group of seals on the
ey are frequently to be found
eth with the gannets they take a
eries off the Pembrokeshire coast

GANNETS EVERYWHERE: A mighty congregation of birds on the rocky shores of Grassholm, where they have increased in numbers with such astonishing rapidity since 1914, when it was estimated that there were only 300 pairs on the island. During the present year another census is being taken and this will probably show that there are now at least 7,000 pairs. This growth in the population is partly attributable to the congestion at other gannetries and partly to the erection of the lighthouse on Lundy Island, not far to the south

A SOCIABLE SPECIES: A close-up of gannets on the rocks. The gannet extends its flight to great distances from its island headquarters, pursuing shoals chiefly of such fish as swim near the surface. When feeding the bird always flies against the wind at an altitude of not more than about 100 ft. When it espies a fish it instantaneously stops, and with wings half distended, stoops and swiftly cleaves the air. Just as it makes the plunge, the wings are clapped close to its sides. Thus the bird enters the water like a bolt

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BY APPOINTMENT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES 1932 to 1936

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C.F.H.

GERMANY EXPLOITS RICH IRON-ORE DEPOSITS IN HER AUSTRIAN PROVINCE

Intensive Terrace Mining High up on the Erzberg, and Steel Production in Neighbouring Donawitz

MINING ON THE TERRACE PRINCIPLE: The open workings on the Erzberg, the mountain in Austria famed for its rich deposits of spathic iron-ore which, under the Nazi regime, are being still more intensely exploited

ASCENDING DIZZY HEIGHTS: *Left*—Every day this railway conveys the workers of Eizenerz up the face of the Erzberg, the mountain from which they extract the iron-ore in such paying quantities. The railway was built many years ago by Hugo Stinnes, the German magnate, who realised that it would save his employees many hours of arduous walking and thus increase their efficiency. *Right*—A labourer stripped for his work

WHEN THE MOLTEN METAL IS POURED INTO THE MOULDS: A scene in the steel plant at Donawitz

IN THE STEEL PLANT AT DONAWITZ where the ore from the Erzberg workings is treated. One man is seen opening the door of the furnace, while another, with asbestos gloves on his hands and goggles over his eyes, gauges the consistency of the mass of ore within. In his scheme for Austrian industry, Field-Marshal Göring announced last spring the expansion of this plant to help meet the rearmament needs of the Reich

In pursuing her vast re-armament programme Germany has been desperately short of raw materials, but since the annexation of Austria, the so-called "home-coming of the Oestmark," she has been able to take a more complacent view, for the new province is wealthy in minerals and to an extent these will serve to meet the deficit. Particular attention is being devoted to Styria and the Alpine Montan organisation from which in earlier days Hugo Stinnes, the great steel magnate, derived much of his wealth.

The Alpine Montan workings are in the Erzberg, literally an ore mountain, which is capable of yielding annually a million tons of siderite having 32 per cent. of iron, and there Field-Marshal Göring, Germany's economic planner, is already pushing ahead elaborate development schemes, as he is also at nearby Donawitz where the treatment plant is situated. He is attempting, too, to inculcate into the pleasure-loving Austrian a new outlook towards work in the hope that production will be speeded up to a degree commensurate with Germany's vital requirements.

STEEL WORKERS OF STYRIA: This man, with his monkish hood, sacking cape, asbestos gloves, and goggles, is one of the key workers at the Donawitz steel plant, having to deal with the molten metal as it flows into the moulds. *On right*—A bearded steel worker arrayed in chamois-trimmed hat and lederhosen

ART *Through* THE LENS

Three Camera Studies of Distinction

A striking camera-study of young womanhood taken at a weir on the Arno, Tuscany's swift-flowing river. The background of cloudy sky and foreground of rippling water, with no land in view, give the scene an impression of glorious isolation

SUMMER VISION

GATEWAY IN PRAGUE

The richly-wrought entrance to the Premonstratensian Abbey of Strahov, a religious house renowned for its great library of 113,000 printed volumes, 2,000 MSS., and its autographs of Tycho Brahe

SYMBOL OF THE IRON AGE

This old well covering in Vordernberg, Austria, was forged by hand, and belongs to the days when the people of this region first exploited their rich deposits of ore. To-day, as will be seen on another page, Austria's resources in this direction are interesting Germany's economic planners

DIGGING FOR MOA BONES

Traces of New Zealand's Extinct Flightless Bird Found in the Mud of the Wanganui Region

ALMOST 100 years ago, some time in the year 1839, a man called Rule went to the great English scientist, Professor Owen, with a broken and almost decayed bone, which he said he had brought from New Zealand, the new country in the south. And just because of that piece of bone, Professor Owen was able to astonish the world by reading before the Zoological Society of London in November, 1839, a paper telling of a huge and amazing struthius bird which had lived—might even still be living, he thought—in New Zealand. Then he described for the first time New Zealand's wonder bird, the moa. He gave it the name of dinornis. These were his words, on the evidence of a broken piece of bone: ". . . there had existed, and perhaps still exists, in New Zealand, a race of struthius birds of larger and more colossal size than the ostrich or any known species."

THE MOA: A reconstructed specimen of the extinct flightless bird of New Zealand, search for the bones of which is still going on in the Wanganui district in the North Island

From then a great many of the greatest scientists joined in the search for scientific material in the new country, particularly about the moa. There were the great Darwin, Diffenbach, Dr. Sinclair, Allan Cunningham, Sir Joseph Hooker, all in New Zealand within the six years between 1837 and 1843.

Missionaries joined in the search, too—the famous Rev. William Williams, who, after editing the first New Testament in Maori, was made Archdeacon Williams, and the Rev. Richard Taylor, who was really the first white man to discover a moa bone. But Mr. Taylor posted his moa bone to England, and it took so long to get there that Mr. Rule arrived in the meantime with his treasure, which he carried personally.

But Mr. Taylor did not find his moa bone by digging for it. He tells of his discovery in a very old volume of the Transactions of the New Zealand Institute: "When in a house of a native at Waiapu, with the Rev. William Williams, I noticed the fragment of a huge bone stuck in the ceiling. I took it down, supposing at first it was human, but when I saw its cancellated structure, I handed it over to my companion, asking him if he did not think it was a bird's bone. He laughed at the idea, and said: 'What kind of bird could there be to have so large a bone?' The natives said it was a bone of the terapo, a very large bird which lived at the top of Hikurangi in North Auckland, and that they made their largest fish-hooks from its bones." And so Mr. Taylor gave the chief a few ounces of tobacco for it, and took it home—the first discovered moa bone. He paid the Maori all it was worth to a Maori at that time, and presented it to science; Mr. Rule sold his specimen to Professor Owen at a high price.

For nearly 100 years men have continued to search, digging up the ancient past from its grave in rock and swamp and sand, and finding, if not sermons in stones, then history in bones. Once a drover picked up what he imagined was part of a bullock's skull lying on the roadside near Hawke's Bay. It was discovered later to be the pelvis of a moa—a perfect specimen.

In a little valley about nine miles up river from Wanganui city, men are digging—more than a dozen of them, and digging not with spades, but with machinery. They are digging for moa bones.

The land they are working on is part of a man's farm, but the moa bones were discovered there over 40 years ago, and although a great deal of excavation has taken place since then, the deposits are not exhausted yet. The work is being done under the authority of the trustees of the Wanganui Museum, which, though not large, is one of the most progressive in New Zealand.

The Curator of the Museum is enthusiastic about the work that has been and will be done to unravel the true story of the moa. The tall derrick erected there lifts great steel grabs full of mud from the hole now being worked, dumping it on to a wooden platform. And every time a fresh dollop of mud is dumped there, the men fall to with their hands and examine every inch of the evil-looking filth for the signs they seek. When it has all passed away through their hands they push it towards two long sloping channels, or chutes, down which it slithers into another hole which has been previously excavated.

All these holes contained wet, soft mud—about as thick as porridge; the land in the valley was solid enough. These mud springs were scattered over the fields at various places—perhaps the remains of an ancient swamp that had been covered over with a layer of soil washed down from the hill-sides through the ages.

THE WANGANUI RIVER, near which Moa bones have of recent years been found in considerable numbers

Sometimes one of the men feels the mud in his hand surrounding something hard. Then he clears it of its filth, and if it is useful—perhaps a piece of vertebræ or one of the smaller bones—he washes it carefully and hands it to the scientist. Some of the pieces are common enough, of course, and of no great value, but one man recently cleared the black mud from around a bone shaped like a giant wish-bone. It was the jaw-bone of the largest of all moas, and a very valuable find. It was brown and ancient-looking, but still quite sound.

A ROYAL PICNIC COTTAGE: This old schoolhouse at Gairnshiel, on the hills near Ballater, has been bought by the King and is to be renovated for Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret who will be able to play at housekeeping in it to their hearts' content. It overlooks the wildest of Highland scenery and is situated only a few miles away from Balmoral

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE AT GAIRNSHIEL: A close-up of the picturesque but dilapidated building which has been bought by the King for his daughters and is to be put in order. Many legends surround the place, and locally it is often said to be a fairy rendezvous

NORTH OF THE BORDER

NOTABILITIES AT ABOYNE GAMES: Lord Aberdeen chatting to Lady Sempill in the enclosure. On the left is the Duchess of Leinster, wife of Ireland's premier Duke

A SLOOP IN FULL SAIL IN BASSETERRE BAY, ST. KITTS: Boats of this highly picturesque type carry on much of the inter-island trading in the West Indian group. They are 50-50 craft, having engines as well as sails

A WEST INDIAN LETTER

A Correspondent in St. Kitts Describes the Difficulties of Inter-Island Trading and the Annual Menace of Hurricanes

COMMUNICATION and transport in the British West Indies is very difficult. The geography of the islands limits inter-island communication and trade. Each island is more or less isolated, and must try to make itself as self-supporting as possible, but certain commodities are only grown in certain islands and so they are all inter-dependent. There is also a demand for European and American types of food, and these must all be shipped to the colony.

Several steamship companies have large ships running to the majority of the islands, but their services are, at certain seasons of the year, very inadequate. More than this, the cost of travelling in them is prohibitive to the majority of people in this land where money is so scarce.

The Canadian National Steamship Company has three ships, the *Lady Drake*, *Lady Nelson*, and *Lady Hawkins*, known locally as the "Lady-boats," which give a regular service to most of the islands.

Sailing from Boston they call at such places as Bermuda, St. Kitts, Antigua, Montserrat, Dominica, Barbados, Grenada and Trinidad, and Demerara.

The Ocean Dominion Steamship Corporation also has ships sailing from Halifax and calling at the above British islands, together with the French islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique. One English, one French, two Dutch, and three American companies have ships which make similar calls. Two small steamers make trips round the smaller islands, such as St. Martin, Saba, Aruba, Curaçao, and St. Eustatius—all Dutch islands, and the British ports in St. Kitts and Antigua.

However, with all these ships the inter-island service is still inadequate. Most of the bigger ships only call at the larger islands like Barbados or Trinidad, and will only come to the smaller islands "if freight and passengers offer."

At certain seasons of the year it is almost impossible to book a passage on any of these ships, since they are already filled up. July and August are the worst months for this, since the tourist traffic is so heavy. American and Canadian teachers and business men visit the colony at this time. A few weeks ago a "Lady-boat" passed through the islands with a class of teachers on board. They had come to study the geography of the places on the spot and had brought an instructor with them.

Most of the inter-island traffic is carried on in locally built sailing ships. These are of the two-masted schooner and single-masted sloop types. The sloops are more popular than the schooners because of their cheapness to build and run. Although rather small, they are sturdily built.

From Nevis to St. Kitts there is a regular passage of these sloops, for most of the foodstuffs consumed in St. Kitts grow in Nevis. Not only vegetables and fruit come over this way but also cattle, sheep, pigs and goats all bound for the market in Basseterre.

These sloops are not fitted out for passengers. They are essentially meant for freight, and although people travel in them, there is not much comfort. However, there is a regular passenger service between these two islands at least, and the sailing is very pleasant. The boat used for this is a motor sloop, driven by engine and sail.

Ordinary sloops carry on a very considerable trade with islands quite far apart. They sail often from Montserrat to Antigua or St. Kitts or Dominica, and even as far south as Barbados.

This service is seriously handicapped during the hurricane season because of the uncertainty of the weather.

Over-crowding in sloops when carrying passengers is quite common. A few weeks ago a small sloop with fourteen passengers besides the usual load of merchandise was struck by a sudden gust of wind and capsized. Seven of the passengers were drowned, including a young mother with her three-months-old infant.

Schooners are used mostly for long-distance travel, and will sail from Jamaica to Demerara if need be. They carry several men as crew, and take a very considerable load.

A committee sat recently in St. Kitts to consider this question of inter-island traffic, especially with the out-of-the-way islands like Anguilla. At present there is a regular service by sloop, but this was not considered to be sufficient. The committee recommended that a service by air be inaugurated between Anguilla, St. Kitts, Nevis, Antigua, and Montserrat. The service should be a mail and passenger one and call at each island twice a week.

Failing this, the committee recommended that a motor launch should be purchased to operate a daily service between St. Kitts and Nevis, and a weekly service between St. Kitts and Anguilla.

Hurricanes, naturally a great menace to inter-island transport, are liable to strike the northern islands in the West Indies at any time from June to October. The worst months are August and September, and during that time people are always on the look-out for trouble. The horrors during and after a hurricane are such that once they have been experienced they are never forgotten.

In the "hurricane belt," all houses, both rich and poor, have special shutters attached to the "windows." These look like small doors, hinged either at the top or sides, and arranged so that they can be securely fixed over the window at a moment's notice. In some cases a stout wooden bar attached to the shutter can be twisted so as to fit into sockets in the window frame. On others there are strong iron hooks which fix into eyes on the inside.

Very few of the windows are glazed. They are no more than large rectangular holes in the side of the house.

In Antigua, at least, several of the larger houses have concrete "hurricane cellars" built under them. These serve as a place of refuge if the upper structure cannot withstand the force of the wind. Once inside, they are not very comfortable, but they are safe.

Meteorological officers in each island are in constant touch with one another. At the first sign of an approaching hurricane word is hastily passed from one island to another. In this way people have time to make preparations, and have the house closed up.

Each island has a set of "hurricane warnings" for the inhabitants. Flags of certain designs and colours will be flown during the day in prominent places, or, if the warning is issued at night, rockets will be fired. The telephone exchanges warn as many of their subscribers as possible, and the police pass on the word to the general public.

Before the inter-island warnings are passed on there are usually, though not always, very definite natural signs. For days beforehand, perhaps, there may be sudden gusts of wind with heavy downpours of rain. In themselves these gusts are sufficient to shake a coconut palm, but are as nothing when compared to the real "blow."

Sometimes, however, there is practically none of this, as was experienced in St. Kitts in 1928. There is *always* a decided drop in the barometric pressure, and during the "season" people are advised to make periodic readings. A drop of 0·1 in. is looked upon with grave suspicion.

When this happens, wise people take every precaution and get their families and most valuable possessions into as safe a place as possible. No place can be called absolutely safe. Massive stone buildings in Montserrat were reduced to a heap of ruins in 1924. They were rebuilt, and were again razed in 1928.

The strange thing about a hurricane is that it nearly always reaches the height of its strength during the night.

A hurricane is a gigantic whirlwind with a calm part in the centre, and herein lies one of the dangers. If the centre passes over the island it may take as long as 15 minutes to pass any given place. Inexperienced people may think the storm is over and open up the house. Before they have time to close it again the wind will strike them in the opposite direction with terrible results.

All shutters and doors must be kept in good repair, because a weak one may mean disaster. The pressure exerted is so great that if a door or shutter is in the least faulty it will collapse and allow the wind to enter. In less than a minute the roof will lift and be blown off, and the walls will soon follow suit.

The majority of houses in the West Indies are made of wood, and are substantially constructed. In the average hurricane they can withstand the forces applied to them if the windows and doors are securely fastened on the windward side at least. Unfortunately, many roofs are made of corrugated iron, and these are very usually among the first things to go.

The two worst hurricanes in living memory in the Leeward Islands Colony were the one in 1924, which struck Montserrat, Antigua, Nevis and Tortola, and the one in 1928, which struck Montserrat, Nevis and St. Kitts. The former is reckoned to have been the worst since 1817, and certainly the worst for 25 years before that.

In Antigua on August 28, the barometer had gone down 0·25 in., and everyone was anxious. There were sudden gusts of wind and torrential rain for a few hours before the hurricane warning was given out. Soon after this it struck.

The estimated speed of the wind was over 120 miles per hour, and the resultant desolation was terrible to behold.

A. L. M.

IN A WEST INDIAN SHIPYARD: An inter-island sloop under construction at St. Kitts

ST. KITTS ROADS: The S.S. *Barralt* and the S.S. *Lady Nelson* anchored off the island. The last named does inter-island trading, but not enough for present needs

A HOP-GARDEN LAID LOW: Families at work near Runfold, where the hop-picking season has been in full swing since the beginning of September, as usual hosts of folk from London's East End taking part. For most of them it is their only annual holiday, and it is a holiday with pay in the sense that they often have a nice little sum to their credit when the time comes to return home. The pickers are paid by results, and it is reckoned that if they work fairly hard a man and his wife with the help of two children can make from £10 to £15 during their three weeks of employment, after having paid their simple living expenses. But not all of them make so much. Some families are quite content to labour in rather more leisurely fashion

MASS ATTACK ON THE HOP-GARDENS

The Harvest in Full Swing Down South

On left—
A MILK BAR FOR THE PICKERS has been set up by the Milk Marketing Board in the Beltring hop-gardens, and has been proving highly popular. There are also two crèches there where the mothers can leave their younger children while at work

A BROWN STUDY! Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Labour, pulling his weight on board Mr. C. R. Fairey's yacht while racing at Torquay, where he has been enjoying a sailing holiday

SEQUEL TO WEST INDIAN RIOTING: Dr. Harold Moody, a leading political figure in Jamaica, and Miss Amy Bailey, a prominent social worker from Kingston, arriving at the Colonial Office for an interview with Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, the Colonial Secretary, with whom they discussed the recent disturbances on the island and ways and means of righting the conditions under which the Jamaican labourer exists

MAX REINHARDT IN HOLLYWOOD: The noted impresario pictured behind the scenes at the Pilgrimage Theatre as he directed by telephone the lighting and other effects in his production of Goethe's *Faust*

BORIS HUBERMANN, the well-known Polish violinist, watching a performance during International Music Week at Lucerne. Some time ago he lost the use of his hand in an air crash, but he is now making a good recovery

DISTINGUISHED WAR CORRESPONDENTS MEET: Sir Herbert Russell, who reported the Gallipoli and other campaigns for Reuter's, and Sir Philip Gibbs, who was on the Western Front from 1914 to 1918, talking together at a recent garden party at Winifred Graham's Thames-side home at Hampton

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

VERA BRITTAIN IN PRAISE OF AMERICA

Her Passionate Belief in the Basic Virtues of the U.S.A. : Another Long Frankau Novel

By VERNON FANE

THE English traveller who visits America (for which read New York) and comes back after a few weeks with a set of opinions and criticisms, almost ready-made in their glibness and unfavourable bias, is a type with which we are unfortunately too familiar. It is a new kind of delight to see the reverse of the picture.

In **THRICE A STRANGER** (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.), Miss Vera Brittain writes some fresh chapters of autobiography, following on her *Testament of Youth*, and closes it with some views on America which might well curdle the red-white-and-blue blood of many of our novelist-lecturers.

"My love for America has now become a passion, almost a creed. The courage, vitality and generosity of her people were qualities that I could worship; her hopes and desires for herself were essentially civilised aspirations with which I would gladly identify my own. If human society could count on a future, America would be called upon to supply an indispensable part of its design for living."

That is scarcely a half-hearted tribute, but Miss Brittain does not leave it at that.

"No other country to-day," she continues, "had the same matchless advantages of a virile people, material resources, abundance of technical and scientific inventions, and the incomparable experience of co-operation, assimilation, and nation building, with which to counter political lunacy and economic insecurity."

I do not find that a particularly well-written passage, but I do think that it shows a faith and an enthusiasm and, above all, a refreshing point of view which might do the more complacent of our chauvinists a power of good.

Miss Brittain has visited the United States on three occasions, and by chance they have been, although within a few years of each other, at widely differing periods of the country's fortunes. In 1925 it was boom time for America, but a fairly thin time for the writer, who lived in a little university town and was glad to see the last of the celebrated sky line of New York as she sailed back to England. The year 1934 brought better fortune to her, though she saw America in the depths of a depression. With 1937 things were adjusting themselves, and America seemed to be getting the better of its problems.

It is a book of eye-openers and not the least to those who thought they knew their America.

And now we come to Mr. Gilbert Frankau and his second immensely long novel this year. **ROYAL REGIMENT** (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.) sets out first and foremost to tell a love story, the honourable love of a major for his colonel's wife, the discovery, rather uncomfortably at Stonehenge, that his love is returned, and a final renunciation scene, superior in its ethics to anything that Racine could have conceived.

Supporting this story, which runs to a fairly familiar pattern, is a chronicle of army life, correct in technical detail and with a sympathetic understanding of present-day army problems. For Mr. Frankau, as who better, knows the value of the topical touch and even, in the case of this novel, over-emphasises it, drawing a distressing parallel between his hero's fortunes and the events of November and December, 1936.

Tom ("Rusty" to his intimates) Rockingham is a soldier by tradition and by inclination. He has all the attributes, justice, keenness, tolerance, vision, and, *en plus*, a reverence for tradition, which go to make up the born soldier. A simple man in most things, as witness his devotion to a mother whom, in the author's despite, I persisted in regarding as tiresome, he has the simple man's capacity for falling whole-heartedly in love with the wrong woman.

Pretty Gail ("that demirep," *vide* his mother), intelligent Mary and finally the lovely American, Camilla, who had married his colonel for no very cogent reason, took charge of his sentimental life in turn. Camilla, with whom this story is concerned, a little more radically than her predecessors.

The classic conflict between love and duty, rather complicated by the fact that love and duty come within speaking distance in the person of his commanding officer's wife, is the main theme. The main problem, therefore, should be the outcome of the struggle, but the author's dice are unfairly loaded in favour of duty, and "Rusty" Rockingham goes back to his gun battery a sadder and a smugger man.

In the meantime bodies quiver with passion, poached eggs are tackled, and Mr. Frankau qualifies for the job of recruiting sergeant.

Since the world-shattering furore created by that sea epic of the silver screen, to borrow the film boys' jargon, or, in more homespun words, since the filming of their story, *Mutiny on the Bounty*, Mr. Charles Nordhoff and Mr. James Norman Hall can scarcely be blamed if they have kept an alert eye on Hollywood in writing their subsequent novels.

They gauged the film technique accurately enough to follow up their first screen success, and now with **THE DARK RIVER** (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.) they seem to be set fair for a third. Not that this Tahitian romance reads like a scenario. Far from it. The authors have left the final, and usually inexplicable, rearrangement of their story to the scenarists themselves, who will doubtless advance on the present perfectly adequate plot with a wild gleam in their eyes, in a few months' time.

Those South Sea Islands, beloved of Messrs. Nordhoff and Hall, are again the scene of their novel, with the emphasis on Tahiti itself, and its lonelier reaches. As always, the authors are at their best in descriptions of natural scenery and native customs, and they make such an enchanting place out of it all that one is inclined to agree with the verdict of a visiting "Blimp" who says, "Why the devil we ever let France have this group is more than I know."

As for the story itself, its greatest attraction is in the pace with which it is told. The plot provides its own momentum and hurries the reader along with no backward glances of contemplation or inquiry. This is how it happened, and thus and thus, and if the reader doesn't hurry he'll scarcely be in at the death. For there is a death, of course, two of them in fact, and both unexpected.

From a start as the conventional romance about a white man and a lovely Polynesian girl, the story takes a twist or two, calls briefly on the Swiss family Robinson, and ends with the sad conviction that love does not perhaps conquer all.

First-class fiction for your library list, in any case, though you may have to hurry to read it before the film comes on.

GREEN VOLCANO (Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.) is not so much a novel as a bitter chapter of Irish history that was lived by the author, Mr. Jim Phelan, during the two Irish wars of twenty years ago.

As a member of the Citizen Army, as a gun-runner, an agitator, a secret agent, though spy is still a better word for those activities, and on two occasions as a prisoner, Mr. Phelan knows surely as much about those grim civil wars as first-hand experience can teach.

In Glasgow in 1916 the father of the book's hero is sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment for shipping arms to Ireland, to be used in the Easter rebellion. Five years later, Benny, at the age of nineteen, is over in Ireland himself on a quest of revenge. He is certain that the man who betrayed his father is still a spy within the Republican force itself, and he has decided to find him and deal with him more summarily than would a court.

His search necessarily takes him into the ranks of the Irish Republican army, then fighting a merciless guerrilla warfare against the Black and Tans, those "paid workmen whose trade is murder and destruction," according to Benny and his author. The ambushes, raids and worse horrors of the Tans' regime, and the equally savage reprisals, are more important in the telling than the motive of vengeance, which forms no more than an excuse for linking together these accounts of a war that broke a country in two, and provoked such an appalling amount of internecine hate.

This is scarcely a book to be read for pleasure, unless it is possible to take a purely academic pleasure in the vividness with which Mr. Phelan evokes his scenes of blood and pillage, but it is a strong and a moving piece of work, and it is difficult for anyone but another eye-witness to criticise the high colouring of some of the descriptions.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FABER & FABER.—NYA. By Stephen Haggard. 8s. 6d. APOLLO FLIES. By Herbert Kahan. 8s. 6d. GOLLANCZ.—THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN: An Escape to the Amazon. By James Ramsey Ullman. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. AN AMERICAN TESTAMENT: A Narrative of Rebels and Romantics. By Joseph Freeman. 16s. NATIONAL PROVINCIAL. By Lettice Cooper. 8s. 6d. SINISTER CRAG. By Newton Gayle. 7s. 6d. LAMENT FOR A MAKER. By Michael Innes. 7s. 6d. PRINCES IN THE LAND. By Joanna Cannan. 7s. 6d. TEN-A-PENNY PEOPLE. By Jim Phelan. 7s. 6d. OUT OF THIS NETTLE. By Norah Lofts. 8s. 6d. JOHN HAMILTON.—SKY-PILOT'S LAST FLIGHT. By K. Langford Smith. 7s. 6d. HARRAP.—DANCER IN MADRID. By Janet Riesenfeld. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. ARMS AND THE COVENANT. Speeches by the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill. Compiled by Randolph S. Churchill. 18s. HEINEMANN.—DARKNESS IN THE LAND. By Robert Stevenson. 7s. 6d. LOVE WENT A-RIDING. By Richard Blaker. 7s. 6d. THE GENTLE PHOENIX. By Dorothy Wright. 7s. 6d. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—THE GREATEST DRAMA EVER STAGED. By Dorothy L. Sayers. 6s. LISA VALE. By Olive Higgins Prouty. 8s. 6d. MICHAEL JOSEPH.—INDIGO DEATH. By Max Saltmarsh. 7s. 6d. JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.—A HANDBOOK ON HANGING. By Charles Duff. 5s. HOLLOW SEA. By James Hanley. 10s. 6d.

PARIS NIGHTS

You may dress yourself up as an Edwardian beauty:
You may glow with all the mystery of the East:
You may fling a scarf of Tartan wool about your shoulders:
You may drift about in billowing skirts and tiny bodices, as romantic as a summer poem:
You may dress your head up in ribbons and feathers and laces:
But whatever happens you will be brilliantly colourful by night.

A strapless bodice boned from a willowy waist, a large bouquet of mixed flowers, a skirt composed of gores that grow wider and wider, a flat necklace composed of jewelled flowers, and a rose in the hair—that is one of Chanel's superlative suggestions for a winter dance frock

A band of vieux rose ribbon gleams palely through the pleated tulle bodice of this black velvet frock and appears again at the hem. It is built up from a narrow waist and spreads gently from the hips, and Lelong adds fascinating mittens of the tulle set into narrow ruffled bracelets

Paquin does a group of Spanish gipsy dresses, brilliant as a kaleidoscope. The one on the far left is of gold lace with an epauletted bolero and bands of black velvet. The comb-shaped head-dress forms a little cap, and the skirt swirls madly about the wearer's dancing feet

The girl in the centre wears a black dress fitting sleekly over her hips, the two tremendously full frills ornamented with multi-coloured velvet flowers. Her head-dress is composed of field flowers with towering wheat-ears, and is as flat as a plate

The third model is dangerously lovely and brilliant as a dream. In black velvet, it has a little bolero and a slender-hipped skirt trimmed with bands of multi-coloured silk intersected with golden lines. So arresting a frock needs only a demure bow of velvet in the hair

FOUR COMEDIANS AND A CAR: Fred Emney, Leslie Henson, Richard Hearne, and Leslie Spurling engage in some admirable fooling with their old crock car in the aptly named new musical comedy at the Gaiety, *Running Riot*. The show is full of good things but, as Philip Page pointed out last week, the first act is rather too long, lasting at the opening performance for close on two hours

STAGE *and* SCREEN

By PHILIP PAGE

MR. JAMES BRIDIE'S *Tobias and the Angel*, recently performed in such wide open spaces as the grounds of Tewkesbury Abbey and Regent's Park, has now taken cover and is to be seen under weather-proof conditions in the St. Martin's Theatre. St. Martin's Church would be an equally weather-proof and even more appropriate spot for this lovely play, which struck me as, in some mysterious fashion, having grown in loveliness since its first production at the Westminster Theatre.

Do not let those who have never seen it allow their ignorance of its beauties to keep them from the theatre and also under the false impression that it is an exclusively religious affair. I do not say that as drama it would suffer if it were, since the theatrical possibilities of both the Old and the New Testaments are well-nigh inexhaustible. But this is in fact a comedy, with plenty of good, human laughter about it. Moreover, there is hardly anything a child could not understand, for although the story is from the Apocrypha, here is no touch of the apocryphal. Beneath all is the simple faith of simple people, a quaintness which, thank whatever powers there be, is never whimsical, and an infinite tenderness.

Just because of its simplicity the final curtain is overwhelming. The "guide," Azarias, having at length revealed himself as the Angel Raphael, disappears after a short speech of noble dignity. "No wonder the little dog was frightened," says Tobias. "We have been visited," whispers old Tobit. And that is all.

This masterpiece is acted in a manner it deserves. I can think of no higher praise for Mr. Robert Eddison as the Angel than that he is a worthy successor to Mr. Henry Ainley, who created the part. How he made himself appear to be about as tall as the Eddison Lighthouse (it's Eddystone, but never mind), I know not. With his fine face, crowned with a fair wig, he looked truly angelic, and he has a glorious speaking voice. Yet only a few weeks before, I had seen Mr. Eddison frisking about in comedy parts in a short-lived revue at the Royalty. There's versatility for you!

Mr. Romney Brent has just the right touch of boyish ingenuousness as Tobias; Mr. Eliot Makeham and Miss Sydney Fairbrother are first rate as his garrulous and lovable old father and his adoring old mother; and Mr. John Abbott as Raguel is most comically fussy.

Now to descend to mundane matters for a slight grumble. The programme at the St. Martin's Theatre is artistic and well printed, and offers so much information that it is almost a magazine in itself. Its contents include pictures and short biographies of some of the players; a lengthy synopsis of the Book of Tobit; the names of all the folk who appear on the stage and of plenty more who do not; the name of the stuff with which the theatre is disinfected; and the telephone number of Tobias's dog. But it does *not* tell one at what time the curtain rises and on which days there are matinees.

While on the subject of theatre programmes I would like to see the year printed on them. This was always done in the past but the practice has been completely dropped. I do not suggest that in the middle of a play anyone is likely suddenly to forget what year it is. But for the people who collect programmes—and a surprising number do—and for historical purposes generally, it was useful.

LEGEND BROUGHT TO THE SCREEN: Claude Rains as Prince John and Basil Rathbone as Sir Guy in First National's technicolor production, *The Adventures of Robin Hood*. Technicolor has made immense strides during the past six months, and many of the early crudities have been entirely eliminated. This American-produced film, just recently completed, will not be seen on this side for some few weeks

LOUISE BROWNE, RICHARD CALDICOTT, AND ROY ROYSTON make a first-rate trio in *Running Riot*, the new show at the Gaiety. Miss Browne is coming to be regarded as an essential in any Gaiety production, such is the easy grace of her dancing

"Room for Two."—I dealt fully with Mr. Gilbert Wakefield's amusing and rather naughty little farce, *Room for Two*, when it was produced at the "Q" Theatre a fortnight ago, and predicted that it would come to the West End. And lo, it was so, or, rather it is so, at any rate as I write these weighty words. The alterations to fit it for its new home, the Comedy, have been slight, and the main fun continues to be provided by Miss Elsie Randolph, Mr. Hugh Wakefield, and Mr. Henry Kendall, in the part of a married woman's lover who follows her about disguised as a lady's maid.

"Tobias and the Angel" Now Under Cover: "Room For Two" Comes to Town: Massine and Company Move to Covent Garden for a Short Season

More than one distinguished colleague has pointed out that such a situation could not possibly happen in real life. Whether it could or no is a matter of little importance provided the situation makes for theatrical amusement. But in point of fact it not only could happen but actually did happen some fifteen years ago. A well-known scenic-designer, now dead, acted as a lady's maid, dressed, of course, for the part, to the woman he adored, whose husband, in the words of Pepys, was "most mightily deceived." And so to bed.

Russian Ballet Again.—Within hardly more than a fortnight of saying *au revoir* to the Riabouchinska-Lichine-Baronova ballet gang, now on their way to Australia, we were welcoming in their place at Covent Garden their rivals from Drury Lane. This company has not yet given us anything new in their new home, and as the season is to be of three weeks' duration only they are scarcely likely to do so. For the opening night a familiar programme was chosen, beginning with the *Lac des Cygnes* of Tchaikowsky, which can now be regarded as a classic, for it is over sixty years old.

ON THE VERGE OF ECLIPSE: The Empress Josephine (played by Ruth Chatterton) is puzzled by the attitude of the distinguished diplomats at a reception, not knowing, as they do, that Napoleon has decided to divorce her. An episode from *A Royal Divorce*, the British film which is being produced by Herbert Wilcox and directed by Jack Raymond

IT WAS TRUE THIS TIME: The publicity man has cried wolf! wolf! so often in telling us how actresses have lost their jewels that the pressman is inclined to be sceptical of such things. In Los Angeles the other day, however, there was a real case of theft when Tallulah Bankhead, once England's glamour girl, was robbed in her dressing-room of a jewelled cigarette case, and other property valued in all at £180, by a thief masquerading as an autograph hunter. Tallulah is seen here with her actor husband, John Emery. They are at present touring together in the play, *I Am Different*

The performance of Markova (Alice Marks, an English girl) as the Swan Queen drew forth ecstatic applause, particularly from certain corners of the cheaper parts of the house. Such outbursts, when overdone in this way, are apt to defeat their own object. But no one could deny—and surely no one would want to—that Markova is an exquisite dancer, with many suggestions of the slim grace of Pavlova. The Prince and his boy friend (Panaieff and Guerard) were both agile and inoffensive in the foot-twiddlings, leaps, and pirouettes which fall to the lot of male dancers in ballets such as this. But the ladies of the ballet in general have neither the discipline nor the easy movement of their predecessors. Also they seemed to make an unconscionable row with their toes.

It must, of course, be difficult to come down without a sound on toes encased in wooden-blocked shoes, but it can be done; the quartet in this ballet made as much knocking and clattering as tap-dancers, and they were far from being the only offenders. I have seldom known such noisy dancing.

Le Spectre de la Rose is another old favourite. I suggest as a variation that Weingartner's orchestration should be used; it is far more interesting, ingenious and colourful than that of Berlioz. Toumanova danced the sleepy young girl's part well enough, though it hardly suits her style, which is not that of the *ingénue*. In Serge Lifar, returning after a longish interval, I was frankly disappointed. The dancing version of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, which followed, appealed to me even less than when first I saw it.

There is no reason why a symphony should not be given to the accompaniment of posturings, prancings, and agonised gesticulation. One can always shut one's eyes if this sort of thing is not one's cup of tea, and just listen to the music. But there is every reason why great music should not be tortured out of shape for the sake of balletfication.

On the other hand, Massine's *Gaieté Parisienne* remains a joy, with Massine himself dancing in the comedy part with the agility and vitality of a boy of twenty, and the adorable Danilova at her adorable best as the glove-seller. The London Philharmonic Orchestra, switching easily from Beethoven to Offenbach, played remarkably well under M. Efrem Kurtz.

"Can We Tell."—In the third scene of the first act of Mr. Robert Gore-Browne's play *Can We Tell* at the New Theatre, Miss Edna Best and Miss Norah Howard entered dressed in quite usual costumes of 1896. Peal after peal of merry laughter at once rang out from every part of the theatre. Yet during the previous scene, placed in 1877, there was not a titter, nor did Miss Best and her female colleagues evoke hilarity when dressed subsequently in the styles of 1902, 1914, 1923, and 1924.

Those who fish in theatrical back-waters might reasonably inquire the actual year when "period" costumes cease to be regarded as normal and become ludicrous, and, again, when they cease to be ludicrous and become normal again. I believe I have suggested this problem before. But a solution seems as remote as ever.

From the above it may be deduced that this is one of those plays which range over a large number of years, its characters duly growing older as the

(Continued on page 472)

RUNNING IN MAYFAIR: Bernard Lancret and Viviane Romance in *L'Homme a Abattre*, a French spy film, which has just been presented at the Berkeley Cinema. The theme is commonplace, but the acting reaches a high standard

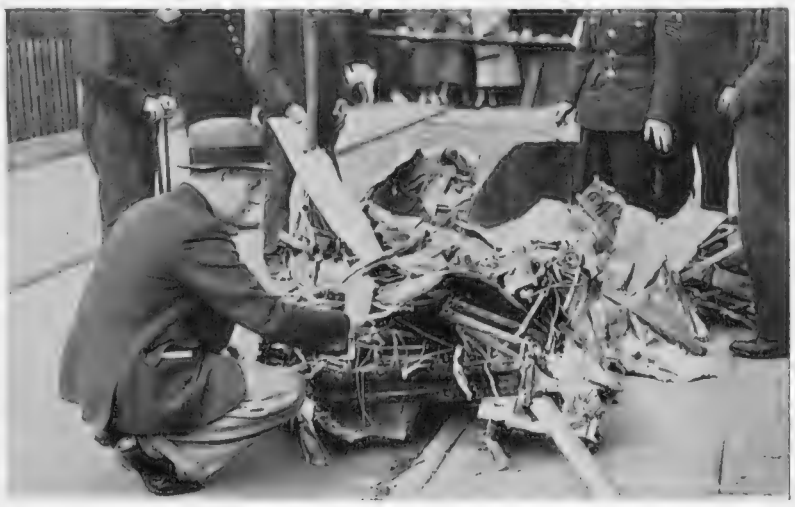
LONDON : *Gay and Grave*

A TREAT FOR VIEWERS! Members of the outside broadcasting staff televising the aardvark at the London Zoo. It is one of the world's ugliest animals and belongs to the ant-eating species. Its snout, ears, and tongue are enormously long

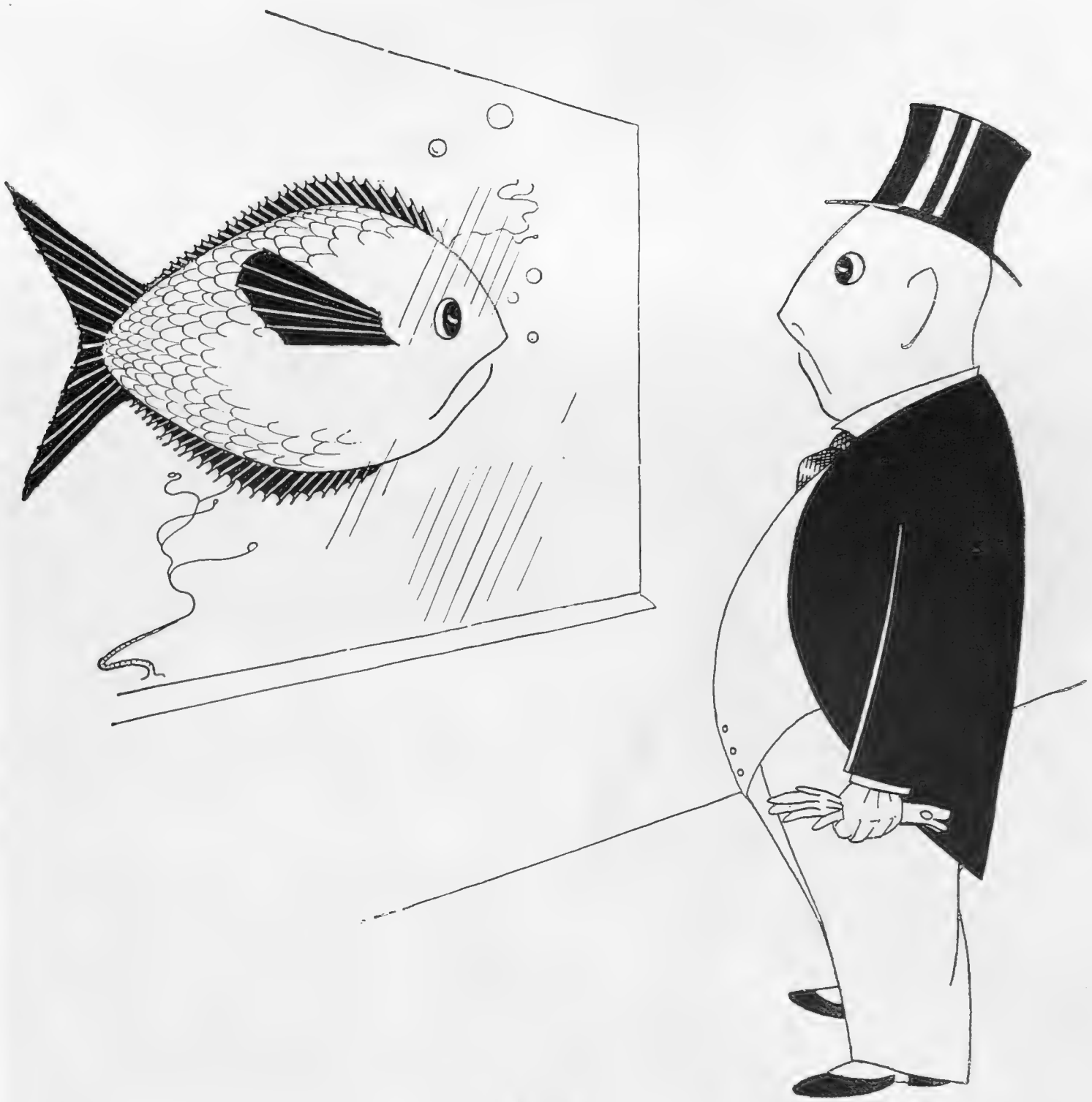
"THE MINISTER HAS NOT MADE UP HIS MIND AFTER 6 YEARS, BUT WE HAVE" read one of the banners carried by the crowd which demonstrated last week on Western Avenue protesting against the Government's failure to create a 30 m.p.h. limit on this admittedly dangerous highway in Greater London. Instead, bridges have been erected, but local residents claim these are wholly inadequate in the circumstances

NOT GOOD ENOUGH: This pedestrian footbridge has been built outside Osterley station on the Great West Road, but, just as in Western Avenue, residents do not regard such structures with much favour, urging that women with prams still have to cross the road, which, being fairly wide at this point, represents a very real peril

A PICTURE THAT HAS SHOCKED THE PUBLIC CONSCIENCE: This house was set alight at Edmonton following the recent R.A.F. crash, and there was a heavy death-roll among the occupants who were at the time taking their Sunday dinner. Eleven civilians and the pilot of the ill-fated machine lost their lives, and at the inquest it was revealed that Pilot Morris was disobeying instructions in flying over the area. He was also disobeying Air Ministry regulations



SEEKING THE CAUSE OF DISASTER: Captain F. S. Wilkinson, the Air Ministry's Inspector of Accidents, examining part of the wrecked plane after the Edmonton disaster. At the inquest he said that at the moment it was not possible to arrive at any conclusion regarding the failure of the machine. The public, however, have been more interested in the personal rather than the mechanical element, and there is a strong feeling in London that very much more stringent measures should be taken against Sunday stunt flying. Even before the accident occurred the matter had already been commented upon in the press



but

there's nothing like
a Guinness

except another Guinness

G.E. 756 H

AUTUMN BEAUTY OF THE DOLOMITES: A scene near Merano where the grape festival will be celebrated at the beginning of next month

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

NOTES *from* NEAR *and* FAR

Egypt's Sandy Beaches—Autumn Wine Festivals—Innsbruck's Anniversary—The "Hungarian Sea," a Sight Not to be Missed

DESERT CAMPING.—The projected visit of King Farouk to the western desert of Egypt directs attention to a part of the country of considerable interest to the traveller. Along the Mediterranean coast are a number of places whose names jumped for a passing hour, so to say, into the lurid light of the war—El Daba, rail-head during the Senussi campaign; Mersa Matruh, now restored as rail-head and sometimes a stopping place on long-distance flights; and Sollum on the Libyan frontier. Burg El Arab, which has never fulfilled its destiny as a rallying point for the Arabs, is another place attracting attention.

Along that coast in the early months of the year the Bedouins cultivate a certain amount of barley, and with it come night-scented stock, anemone, and asphodel, giving a surprising touch of colour to the desert.

From near Mersa Matruh there is a route skirting the Qattara Depression, a vast area below the level of the sea, to the Siwa Oasis, a walled and picturesque town where Alexander consulted the Oracle.

The King's tour will probably inspire more travellers in the country to sample the pleasures and peace of desert camping already adopted with enthusiasm by a considerable number of Egyptians.

The Hunsrück.—That part of the Rhineland which lies between the Mosel and the Nahe is one of the most attractive parts to many travellers. The Hunsrück is a wild, wooded district abounding in game and containing the highest mountain in the Rhineland, the Erbeskopf.

The valleys of the two rivers and that part of the Rhine itself between Koblenz and Bingen where they join the great waterway are responsible for a large proportion of the wine which the Rhineland produces. Trier (Treves), the oldest town in Germany, within walking distance of the French frontier, is packed full of interest. It is practically enclosed by forests and vineyards. If you are travelling from France to the Rhineland your route will probably be through Trier, and yours will be the loss if you do not spend some time there.

The vintage festivals give autumn travel in the Rhineland a special interest. Wine flows freely, and the market places are full of dancers, music and gaiety. Carnivals are in full swing throughout the winter.

Lake Balaton.—On previous occasions I have referred to the attraction of the largest lake in Central Europe, sometimes called the Hungarian Sea. Lately I have come across travellers who during a brief visit to the Hungarian capital have not made an effort to see the lake. It is possible to make a very interesting day excursion by car, leaving quite early in the morning. The route is to Budafok, where there are extensive cave dwellings, and then along Lake Velence to Szekesfehervar, where the Kings of Hungary were crowned in olden times.

There are several very attractive lake resorts with fine stretches of soft sand. You might go to Siofok and have a run on one of the excellent lake steamers across to Balatonfured, noted for its hot springs, and visit the beautifully-situated Tihany Abbey.

If the lake does not claim too much time, it is worth going on to the Bakony Forest, famous for its vineyards, and to the old episcopal town of Veszprem. Zirc and its medieval abbey may also be visited on the return journey to the capital.

Innsbruck.—If Europe has calmed its fears by next year we shall probably see a revival of travel in Tyrol, which in serener times has been a great holiday ground for travellers from this country. Some have refused to be put off by what has happened this summer and have reported well of their reception, but many more have preferred to play for safety.

Innsbruck, in particular, has much to gain by a restoration of confidence, for it will be celebrating, from June to September next year, the seventh centenary of its existence. The old town has not only a distinctive charm, but it is an ideal headquarters from which to explore the surrounding country, offering a great variety of interest.

Bus services penetrate to all the valleys of Tyrol and two cable railways take you to the mountains. One of these goes up the Hafelekar between 7,000 and 8,000 ft., and from the summit station a path goes along the ridge of the north chain, commanding glorious views of the Karwendel. The other is up the Patscherkofel, which is not quite so high, but from the top there is a fine panorama of the snow peaks of the Stubaier mountains. The Zugspitze (10,000 ft.), Lake Achen, the biggest in Tyrol, and the famous salt mines in the Hall Valley are possible day excursions from Innsbruck, but if you can devote more time to them, particularly the lake, so much the better.

Merano.—This beautifully situated centre for the Dolomites is an all-the-year-round resort and there is a special charm about the autumn there. September and October are usually very mild months with an abundance of sunshine.

The grape festival will be held during the first week of October and the Vintage Ball is arranged for the 8th. An opera season at the Puccini Theatre begins on September 29 and among the autumn sporting events the most important is the international steeplechase, the Grand Prix of Merano, on October 2, in connection with which there is a big sweepstake.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Tangier.—A very good resort at which to spend a holiday in October or November. It is organised essentially to meet the needs of the foreign visitor. There are numerous commendable small hotels and pensions at which accommodation could be obtained from 10s. per day. We would recommend either the Hotel Bristol or the Pension Fuentes.

The Amazon.—With reference to a recent answer to a correspondent I find there will not be a sailing by the Booth Line up the Amazon on November 1. The sailing dates are October 13 and December 15, and in 1939, January 6, February 14, March 9 and April 18.

The Riviera.—The more expensive hotels at the well-known resorts in the south of France cater for Christmas visitors. We suggest the Hotel Atlantic at Nice or the Hotel Splendid at Cannes. At either of these it would be possible to obtain accommodation from 17s. 6d. to one guinea per day. The cheapest ticket would be the 30-day excursion available for departure on the outward journey on the Saturday, Sunday or Monday only but allowing the return to be made on any day of the week within the validity of the ticket. To enable you to purchase one of these tickets, which takes into consideration the 40 per cent. reduction in France, you would have to hold a *carte de tourisme* which costs 3s. 9d.

Menton is a very attractive resort catering for all tastes and it is a good centre for excursion. We recommend the Prince de Galles as a moderately priced comfortable hotel.

Beverley Brooke

CLASSIC SOUVENIRS: An Athenian trader with his stock of models of famous sculptures which he displays on the heights of the Acropolis, and (*below*) a young vendor of soft drinks. He does a great trade among the tourists climbing to the Parthenon

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MOTOR MANUFACTURERS AND THE GEARLESS CAR

The Latest Version Recently Introduced at Cambridge and its Effect on the Motor Industry

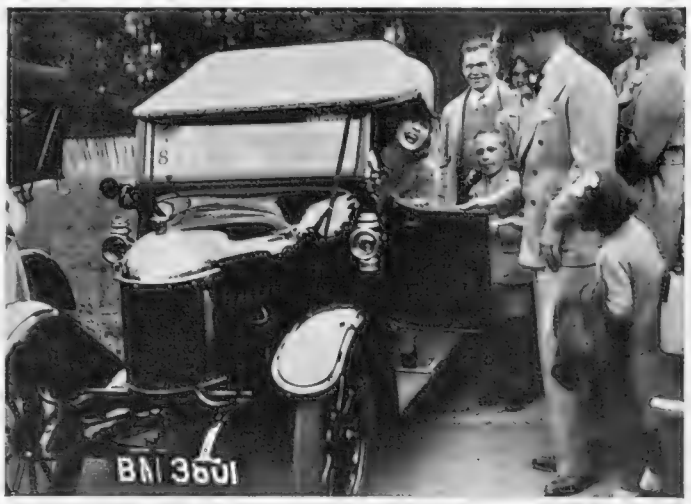
By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

IF we motorists were to judge by the publicity given by the daily press and also the British Broadcasting Corporation to the gearless car recently presented by Professor Lea to the British Association at Cambridge we might expect to find every car included in the manufacturers' 1939 programmes without gear-boxes. Apparently, the public have not become panicky or they would have rushed round madly and sold their present cars. The headlines employed by the daily press in their announcements made one imagine that a gearless car was a complete novelty, but old motorists will remember that right from the beginning attempts have been made to dispense with the gear-box as we know it to-day. I myself can recollect quite clearly when I was working as an apprentice in an engineering firm in about 1908 going out for a run in a car which was fitted with a variable pneumatic transmission which had been built and fitted on our premises. It worked quite well, but had its limitations.

Without exaggeration, there have been hundreds of designs of a similar nature, many of them being operated hydraulically instead of pneumatically. I have not the slightest doubt that the latest hydraulic torque converter can fulfil all the claims that have been made on its behalf, but our motor manufacturers will require a deal of convincing that the days of the present type of gear-box are past and over. An immense amount of capital has been sunk in providing machinery for making the existing type of gear-box and so this plant cannot be scrapped in a hurry. I would suggest, too, that the people who are sponsoring the new transmission should subject it to a really lengthy gruelling test under the R.A.C.

I have heard many people suggest that an automatic gear will never find favour among drivers, but I would remind people with this view that exactly the same thing was said when Armstrong Siddeley produced their pre-selector box. If any automatic gear change can be produced which will not increase the price of the car, which will enable the engine to give the same or better performance and which is thoroughly reliable, the public will use it without a doubt. Personally, I think that in ten years' time we certainly will have a clutchless and a gearless car.

LOoking at the Hillman programme for 1939, I find there are no revolutionary changes but several interesting improvements and an all-round reduction in prices. The brothers W. E. and R. C. Rootes, who control the Hillman Motor Car Co., Ltd., have made many extensions of their engineering, research and manufacturing plant, with the result that the new Hillman models are built to a higher standard of quality, possess greater economy and reliability, and yet are offered to the public at lower prices than ruled last season. First of all, the Hillman Minx engine will be found to have even smoother running, better silence and greater economy than in the past.



AT THE RECENT "MORRIS OWNER" RALLY: Miss Googie Withers, the well-known actress, seated in one of the veterans—a twenty-five-year-old Morris, which won second prize in its class and touched over 40 m.p.h. while making the journey to Donington, where the rally was held. Mr. A. P. Organ, General Sales Manager of Morris Motors, Ltd., is on the right

Not so long ago a Minx was subjected to an R.A.C. observed test during which it averaged no less than 47 m.p.g., a really amazing figure for a four-seater saloon with generous accommodation. It is fairly safe to say, therefore, that the owner of a new Minx can look forward to running his car at the economical figure of 40 m.p.g. The car has a new all-silent four-speed synchromesh gear-box. It is just as pleasant and as easy to operate as its predecessor, but now boasts of the real virtue of great silence.

From the driving seat the level of the oil in the gear-box can be ascertained, for a quick action dipstick is now provided, while the back axle has been redesigned to give even more silent operation. The engine mounting has been improved and the "Smoothride" suspension, which embodies springs that adjust themselves to variations of load and road surfaces, gives comfortable riding to the occupants of the car.

Various refinements have been incorporated; among these I would mention that the gear-lever has been set in a more forward position, so it is now entirely clear of the driver's and passenger's knees. There is also the new "Easilift" jacking system and a snap-on petrol filler cap, both of which will appeal to the keen owner-driver. The coachwork has likewise been improved, with the result that greater comfort is provided; the instrument panel has been redesigned, with quick-vision dials and a new safety oil-warning light.

The speedometer boasts of a 5-in. dial and is flood-lit for night driving. Other improvements include new type bumpers with over-riders and a rustless chromium plate radiator grille.

The Hillman Fourteen is as before a full five-seater, possessing a very imposing modern appearance which has now been made even better by fitting over-riders on the bumpers.

The engine is a 4-cylinder model of approximately 2-litre capacity but it gives off 51 b.h.p. at 3,600 revs. per minute. The gear-box on this car has likewise been completely redesigned, being silent on its four synchro-mesh gears. A dipstick has been fitted to the gear-box as in the case of the Minx, and the "Evenkeel" system of independent front-wheel suspension has been retained. Luggage accommodation is thoroughly adequate, and golf clubs, suit cases, etc., will fit inside with the lid closed, and a trunk can be carried on the armless grid formed by the lid. The spare wheel is accommodated in a separate compartment.

To give an idea of the reduction in prices I would mention that the Minx safety saloon, which previously sold at £169, can now be purchased for £163, and the Fourteen saloon de luxe, which was £268, has been reduced to £255.

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In Quest of

Where the Golfer Can Enjoy a Good Course: Some Sug

I DO not know which is the most popular sport in England; but the highest common factor appears to be golf. Almost everyone plays, and the hotel that can offer a game of golf in the vicinity has to-day a definite advantage. It was with this thought in my head that I started the other day to revolve in my mind the hotels that I knew were near golf courses. Their name, naturally, is legion, but three names seemed to sift themselves out of the multitude—one in the north-west and two in the south-east.

In the first place I thought of the Clifton Arms Hotel at Lytham St. Annes. There are actually five eighteen-hole courses in the borough, and a round a day on each of them should satisfy even the most violent lover of the game! First there is the championship course of the Royal Lytham St. Annes and the Old Links. Then there are no fewer than three others: the Fairhaven, the Green Drive and the South Shore. All these courses are "links" in the true sense of the word, and the porous sandy subsoil makes golf possible even after the heaviest rains. I cannot imagine any golfer being dissatisfied with Lytham St. Annes.

And what an hotel the Clifton Arms is! It was only opened in July; and I think for once one can use that usually hackneyed phrase, "the very latest word." Every bedroom has its telephone, electric clock, writing table and controllable radiators. Many of the rooms have private bathrooms, and for the remainder there is one bathroom to every three rooms. There is an excellent chef, and the management have set themselves out straight away to make a reputation for good food. There is an excellent cocktail bar, and a sprung dance floor, and all the public rooms are such as one would expect in a really superlative hotel. As a friend of mine said, "There are only two drawbacks to playing golf at Lytham St. Annes. One is the difficulty of deciding which course to play over; the other is having to tear oneself away from the comfort of the Clifton Arms!"

But if Lytham St. Annes is an ideal place for the Lancastrian golfer, the Londoner may prefer not to go quite so far afield for his game, and the other two places that occurred to my mind were the Cooden Beach Hotel and Kingsgate Castle.

Cooden Beach is just west of Bexhill and many a traveller on the Southern Railway must have admired the freshness of its greens and fairways, lying under the lee of the pebble ridge that divides the course from the sea. I cannot think of another course so near London, unless it be perhaps the Royal Cinque Ports, that lies so very close to the break of the waves. Besides, it is a very good, and indeed famous, course,

Business . . .

Those who come to London for exhibitions, conferences, meetings, and appointments will find that the Alexandra offers an incomparable situation for saving time and fares. Luxurious comfort and efficient service restore tired brains and weary bodies.
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Every modern treatment. Bath Staff of 60. Two Resident Physicians. The terms, which run from 13/- to 18/- a day, include Turkish, Russian and Hydropathic Baths. SMEDLEY'S HYDRO, MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE. Telephone: Matlock 17.

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Have You Ever?

. . GONE for a voyage on dry land? For that is the impression at the Headland—with the Atlantic on three sides and the sun streaming down from above.

. . GOLFED in the morning on the course at the door, bathed and surfed before lunch, toured a sector of Cornwall in the afternoon, aperitifed, dined, and danced to Shirley Waldron's Band till . . . till—and NEVER felt tired?

It is all possible and only possible at

THE HEADLAND *by* NEWQUAY

Cornwall's Natural Touring Headquarters. 120 bedrooms with a sea view. Golf and tennis at the door. Write to S. Polglaze, Manager, for "Have You Ever?"—a portrait in pictures and words of a new adventure in enjoyment. *Telephone: Newquay 511*

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Every Comfort in Proximity to Golf—Suggestions for the Keen Player

and the sea air and the sunshine both help one to play well. And afterwards—the Cooden Beach Hotel.

If any hotel has "atmosphere" it is the Cooden Beach. Unpolished oak, gay mats, colourful china, bright chintzes; all these things give a note of individuality and cheerfulness. And later in the year, when the sunshine is worth its own gold, what is more pleasant than to sit in the sun lounge, where the windows are skilfully designed to shut out wind and let in sun, and bask and bask, and meditate upon that long one that you holed at the fourteenth!

Another delightful seaside course is the North Foreland, an old favourite of mine. I think I have played on it in all weathers and enjoyed it every time. The placid, windless days, when the wild thyme tempts one to slice into the rough (as if one needed tempting!), the fresh, invigorating days with a strong sea breeze; and the real flam-boisterous winter days, when an untrue shot curls off to glory and one's cheeks glow like a furnace, all these days are good on the North Foreland cliffs. Much may be said, and has been said, of the South Downs, but unaccountably no poet has sung this spot where the North Downs plunge into the sea.

But I digress—so let us return from the club house to Kingsgate Castle. Turreted and embattled, it stands on the very edge of the chalk cliffs, which have been "faced" to prevent erosion. Down below is Kingsgate Bay with its stretch of sand and its smugglers' cave; Holland House (now partly an annexe to the castle) from which we can picture a youthful Charles James Fox going forth with bucket and spade, and before one the North Sea and memories of the Dover patrol.

Inside, but who can describe Kingsgate Castle? It is very definitely a castle, and at the same time one of the most delightful hotels. From some of the rooms one gets the impression that one is in the *Queen Mary*, so high is one and so near the water's edge. But I must leave its more subtle joys, and they are many, for my readers to discover. Suffice it to say that the appointments are excellent. The food and the cooking are first class. There are any number of amusements possible, besides golf; and if an Englishman's home is his castle, the converse is equally true, for in this case the castle is certainly a home!

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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LLANDUDNO

'Phone: 6257.
Manager:
C. Greame Horspool.

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ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS
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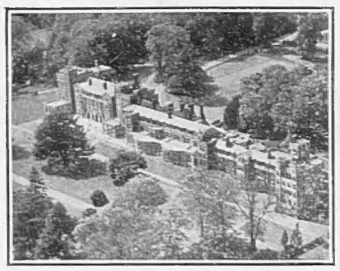

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WRITE FOR BROCHURE

I.L.O.—(Continued from page 442)

a considerable measure of similarity of outlook in a majority of countries. By its labour intelligence system covering the whole world, by its immense study and documentation here in Geneva, the I.L.O. staff requires to know just how each country feels or acts on this and that issue. For the upshot of such and such a question before the conference is that this is confronted with evidence indicative not only of the law and practice of every land in regard to that question, but also of what each government feels disposed to do.

But never forget that it is most times the I.L.O. itself that has prompted discussion of the question upon which it has amassed such comprehensive information.

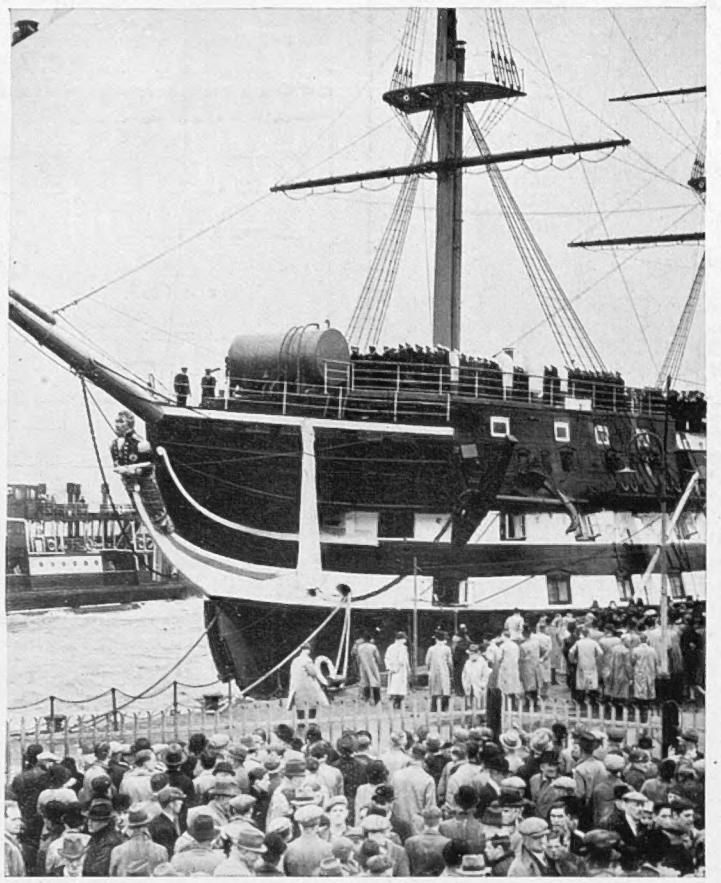
Then come the Draft Conventions—52 so far, and covering all aspects of labour conditions the universe over: hours of work, minimum wage fixing, weekly rest, night work, women's work, paid holidays, child labour, native sweating, forced labour, accident prevention, industrial diseases, insurance, and so on and on.

A difficulty is that countries are (often rightly) prone to aver that they are the only ones properly respecting a convention. I went into this. There is machinery even for economic sanctions against delinquents, but, luckily for the I.L.O., these have been left a dead-letter. On rare occasion the attention of a delinquent may be drawn to its insufficiency. But, as I said before, the principle of this whole show is no pressure. Also "Less haste, more speed." Delinquents could actually be invited before the World Court. But this also has been honoured in the breach. One of the few times the I.L.O. has gone to The Hague was when Albert Thomas went there and successfully fought the edict of his own country that agriculture might not be included in the annual conference's business.

Let me conclude by quoting something which struck one as fundamental: "If the workpeople in one country have a very low standard of life, they may undersell in the world's markets another country where the standards are high, and a workman in the latter country may be in danger of losing his job just because it is a *good* job." Scandinavians in good jobs and enjoying the highest standard of living have always been luke-warm towards the I.L.O.—wanting to know why they should make this or that concession to influence conditions in Patagonia. To which the I.L.O.'s reaction is: "Take care. You are all essentially one."

THE MASTING OF NELSON

The Poet Laureate Unveils a New Figurehead in the "Conway"



THE "CONWAY" AT LIVERPOOL LANDING STAGE during last week's ceremony, called the Masting of Nelson, at which Mr. John Masefield, the Poet Laureate, unveiled the figure of Nelson which has been placed at the stem of this Mersey training ship. Mr. Masefield, who is an old *Conway* boy, composed these lines for the occasion:—

We give you this as dower with our thanks,
Old ship who cradled us and gave us friends
And sealed us to the service of the sea.
All honour to you till that service ends.
New fo'c'slemen to fill the dwindling ranks,
And Conway boys wherever ships may be.

STAGE AND SCREEN (Cont. from page 463)

evening progresses. *Can We Tell* certainly falls on milestony ground and if it is not such a good play as the famous Bennett-Knoblock collaboration it is entertaining and amusing throughout. It falls short of the highest class only because the chronicle aspect is underlined at the expense of what is chronicled. In other words, the frame is better than the picture. The story is told without dullness and the acting is immaculate, but at times I wondered whether the story was worth the telling, or even whether there was really a story at all.

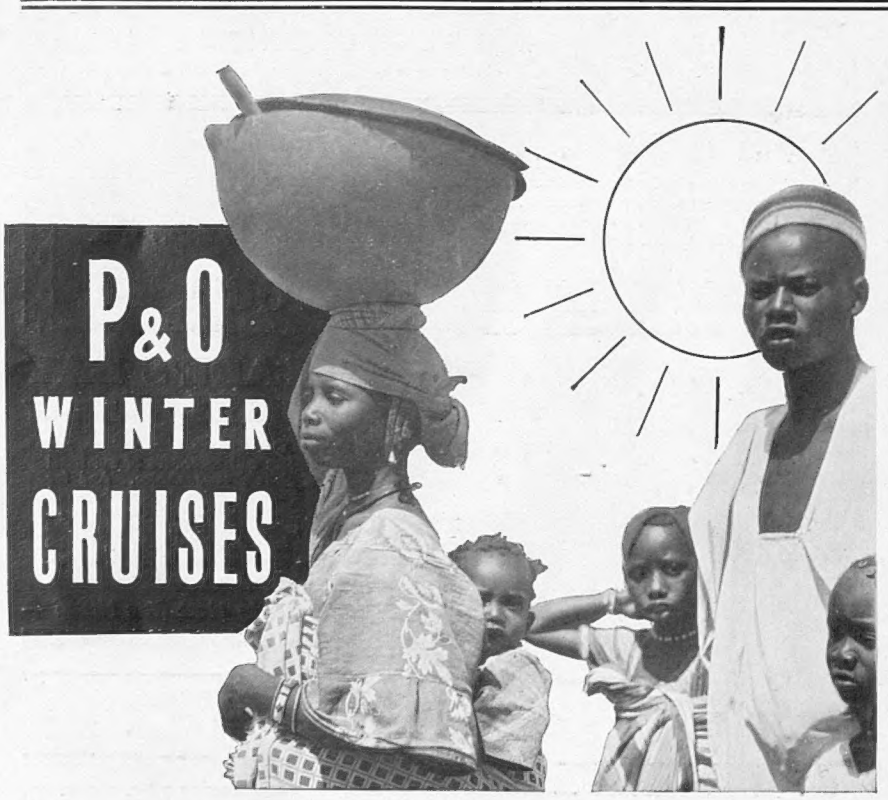
One Tom Hollick is born (we came nearer to seeing him born than any character I remember in theatrical history), he marries, acquires great wealth and a peerage, and that is that. The author leaves him at sixty. There is no reason why a sequel should not be written, bringing Tom through old age to his death-bed, and, so as not to spoil the ship for a ha'porth of tar, to a grave in Westminster Abbey if necessary. I like the first instalment so much that I hope there will be more to follow.

Tragedy comes near when Tom is almost not born at all; the doctor in attendance is drunk, and we hear the moans of the patient. Good theatre this, if a trifle obstetric. He serves in the village shop, kept by his father, falls in love with a music-hall comedienne whose punctured bicycle tyre he mends, and becomes a rich manufacturer of motor-cars. Was it luck, or the friends he made, or his own grit that worked the trick? The author seems to ask us to guess which. I do not know—probably a bit of all three.

But I do know that Mr. Jack Hawkins puts up an easy, natural performance as that good fellow, Tom; that Miss Edna Best was charming and clever at each stage of their association.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The above Society regularly receives letters of appreciation from Old Boys and Girls, saying that they owe their present positions to the early training they received while in the care of the Society. 1,200 poor boys and girls are constantly being maintained and trained to become worthy citizens of our great Empire. Please send donations to the headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, from which address they will be gratefully acknowledged.



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PLAYER'S "NO NAME" TOBACCO

P.4N47

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie," Private Hotel.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Brockenhurst.—Carey's Manor Hotel. A.A.***
Bude.—Grenville Hotel Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Cambridge.—University Arms. Tel. 2557
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Coverack (Cornwall).—Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Felixstowe (Suffolk).—Grand Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (Kent).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Royal Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Cornwall).—Pedn Olva Hotel.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southampton.—The Polygon Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Yarmouth Gt.—The Royal Htl. Mrne Pde. T. 2526

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (56¼).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.
Boroughbridge, Yorks (205).—Hotel Cottages.
Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Buttermere.—The Buttermere Hotel. Tel. 4.
Buttermere.—Victoria Hotel. Telephone 2.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Langdale Chase Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Balfron (Stirlingshire).—Ballikenrain Castle Htl
Dunkeld.—Amulree Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House, Tel. Southwick 7.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Tweedsmuir (Peeblesshire).—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Guernsey.—Gardner's Old Government Hse. Htl.
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandudno.—St. George's Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

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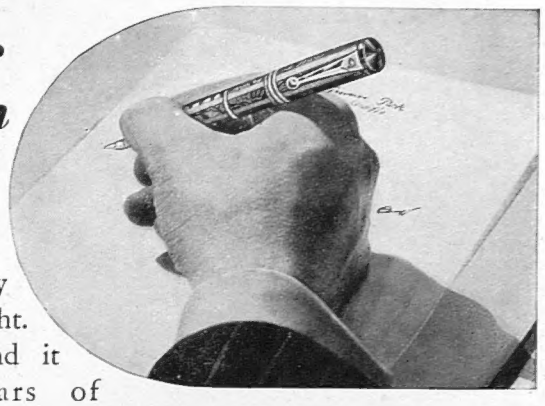

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